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THE ROUND TABLE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 2, 1867.

DEMOCRACY.

AN article which recently appeared in these columns on *The Government of Numbers* has excited some comment, most of which, as might be expected, has been of a condemnatory character. We purpose to take up and to weigh some of the most noticeable criticisms which have come under our observation in a courteous and dispassionate spirit. Deeply impressed as we are with the supreme importance of the subject, we should ill deserve the respect which, whether our opinions be right or wrong, we hope to show ourselves worthy of, did we attempt its discussion in any other than a calm and judicial temper or one less deferential to the honest convictions of others than we should wish to see employed towards our own. It will be admitted by all reasonable persons that, inasmuch as our expressed opinions are necessarily unpopular ones, their advocacy should be imputed to no unworthy motives. We may, therefore, hope when we profess to be actuated solely by what seem to us to be truthful and patriotic considerations that the claim will be generally allowed. We desire no less warmly than do the most conscientious of our opponents to subserve in our humble sphere the true interests, and consequently the true happiness and prosperity, of our country. Our views may be mistaken ones; they will not the less be urged in an explicit and entirely candid manner, and they certainly will not be put forth without that consideration which springs from a high sense of responsibility. With these prefatory observations we proceed to review two articles referring to our own, and which have appeared respectively in *The Springfield Republican* of Feb. 9 and *The New York Times* of Feb. 21.

The Republican objects to our use of the word democracy, as applied to our government. It says:

"In the first place, our government is not a democracy, in the sense in which Dr. Blackie and THE ROUND TABLE use the word. It is a republic, a representative government; and, so far from being impossible to keep it within any assignable limits, it is strictly limited and sacredly and impregably guarded. A written constitution is the sheet-anchor of our liberties. This instrument embodies the deliberate wisdom of the best. It is impossible for any department of the government to set it aside for any length of time. It contains within itself the means for its own vindication.

"Our government is not an unrestrained democracy, but a constitutional, carefully guarded and admirably balanced republican system, in which each department is independent within its prescribed limits, and each keeps guard over the others to restrain any departure from those limits."

Technically, no doubt, *The Republican* is quite right. We used the word, nevertheless, in the sense in which it is commonly employed and that for which it is commonly accepted. A democracy, says Brande, is a government in which the whole of the people or a large proportion of it exercises sovereignty either directly or by representatives. According to some political writers, the term is strictly appropriate only where a majority of the adult males share in the government. In Aristotle's view of governments, democracy is a perversion of the imaginary system which he terms Politeia, or commonwealth par excellence; in which the majority are supposed to govern for the good of the whole, while in democracy they govern for their own. Etymologically, of course, the meaning of the word is obvious, coming as it does from the two Greek words which signify "the people" and "I govern." "The pure idea of democracy," affirms Mr. Mill, "is the government of the whole people by the whole people, equally represented. Democracy as commonly conceived and hitherto practised is the government of the whole people by a mere majority of the people, exclusively represented. The former is synonymous with the equality of all citizens; the latter, strangely confounded with it, is a government of privilege, in favor of the numerical majority, who alone possess practically any voice in the state. This is the inevitable consequence of the man-

ner in which the votes are now taken, to the complete disfranchisement of minorities."

From this it would appear that our government is certainly, in the strict sense, not a democracy; but the explanation puts us in no inconsistent position for having said, "We subscribe unreservedly to the beauty and harmony of such a system in an ideal or theoretic sense." The substantial point which we assumed, and sought by illustrative facts to prove, was that practically we did not enjoy those blessings which theoretically our government bestows. Whether it is a democracy or not, we submit that this point remains untouched. By its fruits our system must be judged. "It is," says *The Republican*, "a constitutional, carefully guarded and admirably balanced republican system." Suppose we grant this and acknowledge a demonstrated inaccuracy in styling it a democracy; let us proceed to ask, do its guards and balances secure us, in fact, a good government? Do they give us immunity from corruption either at Washington or New York? Do they provide us with a swift and trustworthy administration of justice? Do they place in the important positions of trust and responsibility the wisest, best-educated, and most virtuous members of the community? Do they, in general, exert a tendency to elevate the standards of public and private morality? Do they protect the intelligent few from being oppressed, put out of sight, and practically disfranchised by the ignorant many? If they do these things then, indeed, we grievously err to criticise them, and, whether they constitute the machinery of a democracy or not, as good citizens we should strive firmly to uphold and perpetuate them. But if we arrive, after deliberate reflection, at a contrary opinion, it becomes equally a solemn duty to point out, if we can, their defects, and to bend every energy to improve and to correct them. It might, perhaps, be impossible to realize the ideal of Aristotle's Politeia, in which the majority should truly govern for the good of the whole; and *The Republican* would probably agree with us that a democracy would be undesirable in which the majority should govern solely for the good of themselves; but this should furnish no conclusive reason for cherishing with scrupulously superstitious exactness a system in which it could be shown that a majority governed neither for their own real good nor for that of anybody else.

The Republican in another part of its article admits that—

"Undoubtedly there are dangers peculiar to 'the government of numbers,' and with the universal suffrage which is to be the rule we may experience some of them. But nothing is gained by exciting alarm and cultivating distrust of the system of popular government. The forefathers recognized the great fact that popular intelligence and virtue are essential to the full success of free institutions."

But if such dangers undoubtedly exist, by what means are we to provide for them—by shutting our eyes to their possibility? And, if their existence be admitted and a necessary provision to meet them be implied, by what secret measures is it to be compassed without, to some extent, exciting alarm and cultivating distrust of the system of popular government? Distrust and alarm might very judiciously be dispensed with if reform could be brought about without publicity. If this is impracticable, *The Republican's* admission destroys the force of its criticism. That popular intelligence and virtue are essential to the full success of free institutions is patent enough. In the absence of that full success, we are forced to impugn popular intelligence and virtue; a circumstance which is unfortunate but unavoidable. Again to quote Mr. Mill: "In politics, as in mechanics, the power which is to keep the engine going must be sought for outside the machinery; and if it is not forthcoming or is insufficient to surmount the obstacles which may reasonably be expected, the contrivance will fail. This is no peculiarity of the political art; and amounts only to saying that it is subject to the same limitations and conditions as all other arts." Now, whatever the intrinsic excellence of our political machine, this exterior power of intelligence and virtue is manifestly deficient. Whether owing to the universal lust for gold, to immigration, to weakened religious convictions, or to all these or other causes, the requisite power has diminished and apparently continues to diminish. There is no logical escape from the conclusion that ultimately we

must get more power or alter the machine; and which alternative we shall select—or whether it may be worth while to attempt to modify and reciprocally adapt both—is a legitimate subject for discussion.

Our critic calls in question elsewhere our remarks as to the exceptionally mutable character or deteriorating tendency of democracy; this it assumes is a characteristic which it possesses only in common with any and every system:

"The radical difficulty about democracy, as THE ROUND TABLE looks at it, is that 'you cannot keep it within any assignable limits or at any lasting equipoise.' The same thing may be said of any and every system of government, and it will remain true so long as men are imperfect in knowledge and goodness. When they outgrow these defects, which necessarily mar and pervert all their action, they will need no government. The very qualities of human nature that make government necessary render it imperfect. But it is not to be denied that men will do better for themselves than others will do for them, and the theory of democratic institutions rests upon the impregnable basis of human nature. Enlightened selfishness is the grand regulator."

We believe, however, that the unvarying tendency of governments of numbers is admitted by publicists and shown by history to be that of depositing power with lower and lower intelligences, gravitating downwards, until it falls at last into the hands of the least educated and least virtuous persons of the community. Is it unjust or exaggerated to say that this tendency is signally exemplified by our own experience? Can we look at our municipal chambers in New York, at our Legislature at Albany, at our halls of Congress at Washington, to-day, and truthfully say that we furnish an exception? Enlightened selfishness may be a grand regulator; but how if the selfishness be not enlightened, and if the proofs—at long as holy writ—are constantly staring us in the face? Once more, and to supply a partial explanation, let us borrow the words of the author of *Representative Government*: "I do not look upon equal voting as among the things which are good in themselves, provided they can be guarded against inconveniences. I look upon it as only relatively good; less objectionable than inequality of privilege grounded on irrelevant or adventitious circumstances, but in principle wrong, because recognizing a wrong standard, and exercising a bad influence on the voter's mind. It is not useful but hurtful that the constitution of the country should declare ignorance to be entitled to as much political power as knowledge. The national institutions should place all things that they are concerned with before the minds of the citizen in the light in which it is for his good that he should regard them; and as it is for his good that he should think that every one is entitled to some influence, but the better and wiser to more than others, it is important that this conviction should be professed by the state and embodied in the national institutions. Such things constitute the spirit of the institutions of a country; that portion of their influence which is least regarded by common thinkers; though the institutions of every country not under great positive oppression produce more effect by their spirit than by any of their direct provisions, since by it they shape the national character. The American institutions have imprinted strongly on the American mind that any one man (with a white skin) is as good as any other; and it is felt that this false creed is nearly connected with some of the more unfavorable points in American character. It is not a small mischief that the constitution of any country should sanction this creed; for the belief in it, whether express or tacit, is almost as detrimental to moral and intellectual excellence as any effect which most forms of government can produce." The fact that the very qualities of human nature that make government necessary render it imperfect is, of course, a truism. It furnishes a general explanation of defect, but as an argument against reform or change it is quite as applicable in behalf of a despotism as in that of a republic.

The writer who opposes us in *The New York Times*, while he is generous enough to compliment our candor, draws inferences which, so far as they are to be regarded as explanatory of our motives or objects, we must beg respectfully to correct. He writes:

"THE ROUND TABLE, whose frankness I like, has, under the above caption, a plain talk—some of it truth and a good deal not true. There is in American society a large aristocratic element which ought to have more

literary exponents in the press than it has, for there is nothing so dangerous in a democratic society as the concealment of ideas. Utterance is the safety-valve of democracies. You may recollect, my reader, how Russell, of *The London Times*, when writing his letters from rebellion, told us of dining and talking in South Carolina with the aristocratic gentlemen in that little remnant of feudalism; and how he revealed to us that those gentlemen expressed themselves not only against our whole system of political philosophy, but out and out in favor of an honest aristocratic and monarchical government. They said the truth, and they have not changed their minds. In any community, however, professing regard to human rights, there are those who would be better pleased to be members of a ruling class than to share with a multitude whom they regard as unqualified, either by race or position or wealth or education, to exercise the powers of government. THE ROUND TABLE quotes an Englishman of this opinion," etc., etc.

Now, we entirely agree that any definite element in any society should have "exponents" not only literary, but political; and it is one of our chief objections to the existing order of things that the cultivated classes in America are not represented as they should be; a fact which, in itself, is a grave source of present discontent or indifference, either of which is unwholesome and dangerous. But we by no means desire, and do not think we have justly incurred, the reputation of speaking exclusively for the "aristocratic element." That the noble principle of Chatham, "no taxation without representation," is sound and catholic, we are fully persuaded. For that reason, we object to the curious acceptance of it which finds growing expression, at present, in our practical rule, that all shall be taxed who are not represented, and all shall be represented who are not taxed. We are as far, however, from advocating the unjust elevation of the few at the expense of the many as we are from advocating the elevation of the many at the expense of the few. We are no champions for the privileges of class. On the contrary, we would see all fairly represented, all interested in the welfare of the state, all inseparably associated with its greatness and progress. We cannot, therefore, for a moment allow that we are intercessors for the claims of a few, and are justly to be accounted as placing ourselves in a position of antagonism to the good of the mass, of our people. We hold that minorities have rights which majorities are, or ought to be, bound to respect; and that just in so far as an opposite practice is maintained, the stability, the dignity, and the justice of the commonwealth are neglected and imperilled. It matters not with us whether those minorities are rich or poor, educated or ignorant, North or South; we contend for the principle in each and every case, and believe that the silder the country becomes the more imperative will be the necessity that the truth of that principle shall be acknowledged, and its application enforced.

The concluding arguments of *The Times* writer will scarcely commend themselves to the approving consideration of the intelligent or, we should hope—as he is certainly to be placed in that category—on reflection, to his own endorsement. He urges:

"The government was created a government of numbers. All the changes we have made have simply enlarged the principles of the Constitution of 1787.

"How weak, silly, and utterly absurd to establish a new and great principle of political government and then complain of the inevitable results of the principle? THE ROUND TABLE has this paragraph:

"We do not believe in the logic, the expediency, or the justice of a government of the numerical majority. We subscribe unreservedly to the beauty and harmony of such a system in an ideal or theoretic sense. But in a practical sense we believe neither in its policy, its equity, nor its permanency."

"Then why live under it? Why make yourselves parties to a government which has neither logic, expediency, nor justice?"

To this we respond that times have changed and that we have changed with them; that the original framers of the government certainly did not contemplate the present condition of things; and that even if they did, as the government now exists for us and not for them, we have a right to regard our own situation, exigencies, and opinions in all matters that concern it. If it truly possesses in all respects those elements of excellence and stability with which it is credited, criticism will not diminish its merits nor affect its permanency; if it does not possess those elements, the criticism may assist it to attain them. Whatever its virtues, that it still protects freedom of speech is, theoretically at least, among the number; but the final interrogatory of our censor sadly calls to

mind De Tocqueville's statement of twenty years ago, that in no civilized country does there exist so little real independence of thought as in our own. *The Times* writer assuredly does not sustain or applaud the present local government of the city of New York. His journal has certainly been one of its most vigorous and bitter assailants. Would he not think it childish in the extreme were we to ask him why, for that reason, he did not cease to live under or make himself a party to it? If there were no other possible considerations on which to base the expediency of outspoken discussion, to suggest a need for encouraging the boldest criticism and the freest enquiry, such a question as this, called forth by such a provocation and directed through so respectable a channel, would furnish the occasion for it. That because we live under an ostensibly free government we are debarred from seeking to improve it, is a specimen of the *lucus a non lucendo* principle for which one should be a "Veteran Observer" indeed to find either a parallel or a justification.

INTERNATIONAL COINAGE.

THE monetary convention, so-called, or the treaty recently concluded between France, Belgium, Switzerland, and Italy, to establish a uniform system of coinage for those countries, leads to the consideration of the practicability of extending the system so as to embrace eventually and at no very distant epoch the whole commercial world. To accomplish such an object the first great step would be for the United States and Great Britain to adjust their coinage to some sort of uniformity with that adopted by the above-mentioned countries. The main points of their treaty, omitting all points of detail, are that, until January, 1880, the coinage of the four countries shall be one and the same. Each country agrees to receive into its treasury the gold and silver coins of the others, subject to certain conditions respecting wear and tear, and to make its coins of a certain weight and size, and of a certain fineness, so that, as far as money is concerned, the four countries shall be one. In the preamble to the treaty the contracting powers state two reasons for holding the convention, viz., first, "to remedy the inconveniences which press upon the communications and transactions between the inhabitants of their respective states in consequence of the diverse values of their coined moneys;" and, second, "to contribute, by the formation of a monetary union, to the progress of uniformity in weights and measures." As to the latter important but extremely difficult subject, we have a valuable report of a committee of Congress with recommendations of legislation tending to uniformity. We need not pursue that branch of the subject, but confine ourselves to the consideration of what is practicable in the other. It may be said that there is not the least probability that Great Britain, with the invincible tenacity with which she holds to what is established and *English* will ever change her system of coinage, to say nothing of weights and measures, to adopt a French or any other system. Indeed, we might as soon expect the heavens to fall as that the English people would give up their £ s. d. or we Americans our dolls. and cents to adopt napoleons and francs. Nor is this necessary or even desirable. Luckily, a very slight change in the value of the English sovereign would bring it into a simple relation with the napoleon. And this is really all that is wanted. The sovereign a little exceeds in value one napoleon and a quarter, and it has currency in France as a piece of twenty-five francs. It exceeds this in value about twopence, or less than one per cent. Now, if one could hope that any considerations of convenience would ever prevail with the English government to alter what is established, we might hope that this slight change in the value of the sovereign would be made, thus giving it currency without loss on the continent as twenty-five francs, and the napoleon currency in England as sixteen shillings; thus making the gold coins of all those countries to all practical intents and purposes equivalent. But how stands the matter as regards the gold coins of our own country? Luckily, as before, in nearly as favorable a position. Our half-eagle, a five-dollar gold-piece, exceeds in value the English sovereign about sixteen cents; it would exceed the

sovereign, if reduced as proposed, nearly twenty cents, or about four per cent. Hence, all that would be required to be done would be for the English to reduce the value of their gold coins one per cent., while we reduce ours four per cent., practically to give a uniform gold coinage for the world. The continent of Europe will follow the lead of France, and England and the United States would carry the rest of the world in their wake. It will be observed that this change does not disturb the units of currency for the respective countries. The dollar must remain for us, the pound sterling for Great Britain, and the franc for France, their respective units; and hence there would be no interference with the currency of accounts, and we may say generally none with domestic money transactions.

As to silver coins, nothing need be done except to determine by law their value in relation to gold (as gold is the only standard), and as the relative value of gold and silver depends upon and varies with the supply of the respective metals, their relation will need adjustment at any rate from time to time. All that would have to be done would be to make the silver coins correspond with gold on the new standard. For example, let the half-dollar coin equal one-tenth the half-eagle, etc. The coins below the dime, as they have currency as tokens without regard to intrinsic value, may be of nickel or inferior metal. The old Spanish and Mexican dollars would remain, as they are, articles of commerce, and be gradually absorbed by China and India. Any one that pursues the subject will see to what almost perfect uniformity the slight changes proposed would bring nearly all the coins of the countries mentioned, thus affording us: The half-eagle, equivalent to the sovereign or twenty-five francs; the dollar, to four shillings or five-franc piece; the half-dollar, to English florin or two-shilling piece; the quarter-dollar, to one shilling; the napoleon, to four dollars or sixteen shillings; the franc, to a double dime.

To return to these proposed changes, it will be remembered that Mr. Secretary Chase in one of his early reports proposed to make, or at least suggested the propriety of making, our five-dollar gold coin correspond in value with the English sovereign; so that the suggestion is no novelty. The important point now is to make the change if possible simultaneously with the proposed change in the sovereign—that is, in concert with the English government; or, if they will do nothing, to make our half-eagle what the English sovereign *should be*, namely, twenty-five francs. It may be added that if this reform were made we might get rid of the absurd anomaly of calculating the rate of exchange with England on the old valuation of the dollar at four shillings and sixpence, thus making the real par of exchange about nine per cent. above the nominal par; a source of constant confusion, and requiring to be explained—as witness Mr. Morrill's late speech—whenever the matter is to be brought to the apprehension of common people. Let the pound sterling be made equal to five dollars, and the par of exchange would fluctuate about that point and the relative value of gold in the two countries would show on its face.

TRAINING AND PUBLIC SERVICE.

NAPOLEON, we are told, could never master the first principles of political economy. Surprising genius that he was, he was yet incapable of grasping and comprehending the fundamental laws of finance and trade. Living a life of unparalleled activity from the military school to St. Helena, in constant contact with men of affairs, he failed through certain mental deficiencies to compass a knowledge which, added to his natural powers and other extraordinary attainments, would not only have made him supremely great but probably permanently successful. It was owing to this special ignorance that he did not understand England; and it was because he did not understand England that he fell. Adam Smith, on the other hand, who lived the life of a recluse and whose knowledge of the world was purely theoretical, was a consummate master of those principles in which the great conqueror was so notably deficient. He was the founder of a school, the teacher and inspirer of a set of men who have done and are doing almost as much good for the development of productive in-

dustry and commercial enlightenment as all the great conquerors have done harm. Thus in the silent closet apart from the busy world one powerful mind was able to accomplish in the most eminently practical direction labors which another powerful mind surrounded by every conceivable attrition and incentive was utterly incompetent even in the most fragmentary manner to comprehend. This would seem to show that the political economist and the financier, like the poet, must be born, not made. But yet so far is the world from acknowledging this, that in no departments of human skill are practical training and wide experience so universally demanded or supposed to be so indispensable to success as in these very ones. We should not dream of taking a man out of the closet to put in the chair of Mr. McCulloch, any more than we should think of transferring to such a man the baton of General Grant; and even if such exceptional examples as those we have cited could be greatly multiplied, our prejudice would doubtless remain unaltered. The reason is that mankind are uniformly distrustful of exceptional examples, and cherish a diffused and stubborn conviction that they can by no means disprove a general rule.

For practical purposes and to transact the average business of life it is found that special training is an absolute necessity. A great genius may do wonders without experience, and a great genius may fail in trifles with it. Substantially, however, we recognize the need for experience, and we hesitate to grant our confidence to the individual who is without it. Many-sided men are few, and even they, if trusted, may break down, like Napoleon, on some particular side. Hence we find that men of business regard with doubt amateur work of any kind, however clever in a general way they may believe the amateur to be. Credit they are only willing to accord to successful accomplishment; and, however hard in particular instances such a practice may be, it cannot be denied that on the whole it is a rational and salutary one. Show your ability, says the business world, even in little things, and we will make you ruler over great things; but do not expect us to put implicit trust in professions however conscientious, or in representations however plausible, until you can point to something in the shape of definite achievement. We find, too, that men of most eminent skill in any given walk—those who have grappled with and conquered its difficulties—are naturally those who are most incredulous of the untried powers of others, even while they are themselves the proof that the barriers to victory are not insurmountable. The pure man of business dislikes to trust the professional man or the artist. He doubts his exactitude, his promptness, his appreciation of the momentous intricacies of profit and loss, of wear and tear, of the insidious accumulations of interest. The farmer, with even greater reason, looks with blunt and ironic scepticism on the undertakings of the agricultural tyro. The lawyer doubts everybody out of his own charmed circle, knowing the supreme importance of hidden technicalities and how much depends in his vocation upon subtle considerations which cannot be obvious to a layman. The player laughs in his sleeve at the novice, believing with some justice, as he does, that apparent facility and real difficulty are more at variance in his art than in any other. The seaman hardly ever suppresses his contempt for the salt-water pretensions of any non-professional fellow-being, and cannot conceive that there may be any such fools in his own calling as there are out of it. The author or the journalist recognizes with difficulty any literary faculty exterior to his own guild, although its requisitions are so various and comprehensive that he perhaps learns to be more catholic than are the members of many others. The distrust is pervasive; and, as we assume, it is proportioned to the zeal and thoroughness with which people have mastered a given specialty.

There is one remarkable exception in our society to the distrust that attaches to a want of training, an exception which, on account of the magnitude of the interests it affects, should be the last to exist, but whose existence may be partly explained by the foregoing suggestions. This is, as need scarcely be said, the exception we make in favor of our legislators and diplomatists; and the partial explanation is that in

the absence of a body of regularly trained experts—in default of the zeal and thoroughness which are abundant enough in other callings—the conditions which inspire and justify criticism do not exist, and the criticism itself is naturally wanting. We are not aware that this deficiency—that of trained preparation for the discharge of legislative and diplomatic functions—has been satisfactorily justified, although much may be said to account for it. Short tenures of office, implying that time will not be afforded to do much mischief, the mixed and divided character of public service, a jealousy of the people lest shining ability of this sort may be turned to their disadvantage, the notion that the less men know the less—conforming to a generally admitted desideratum—they can govern, the impossibility of devoting that time to the subject which its mastery demands when the fruits are only to be applied for limited and capricious periods, the certainty that, with our suffrage as it is, very ignorant and inferior persons will be elevated to political station, thus diminishing the value of such distinction and weakening ambition to adorn it, these are among the palpable reasons for the phenomenon, although in our judgment they do not altogether excuse it. It is not clear that a succession of ignoramus is more valuable for the public service than an unbroken tenure by one; especially as in the latter case from the nature of things he would ultimately, at least, learn something. If duties are complex, limited, and qualified, so much the greater need of training delicately to apprehend and rightly to discharge them. That very low and ignorant men are sometimes very bad men we need not unhappily look further than to the convocations of our national and civic rulers to attest; it is at least doubtful whether if they were tolerably educated some among their number could be much worse. The difficulty as to time seems more rational, although as wealth increases it ought apparently to be modified. But the objection which arises from the character of our suffrage can be connected with no such hope, and, revolution apart, it promises to be permanent and irremediable.

Notwithstanding the unpropitious appearance of things it is, perhaps, not too sanguine to hope that, so far as the departments and embassies are concerned, the lessons of experience may have their value and cause the retention in office of those whose qualities have been tested and found to be of a character susceptible of improvement. The silly and expensive custom of cashiering officials upon every political mutation, is not only extremely oppressive, but usually directly opposed to the public interest. Did it present no other objection, the fact that it fosters a spirit of revenge and invites the practice of corruption, is quite enough to condemn it. If we can keep men long enough in office to make them either good clerks or good ambassadors, consuls or residents, gaugers or postmasters, by all means let it be done. Even the training which is got in official harness and at the public expense is better than none at all, and there are some signs that even the most democratic advocates of "rotation in office" are beginning to find it out. The general burst of indignation which followed Mr. Seward's outrageous treatment of Mr. Motley was largely due to the estimate placed by the public upon the latter's eminent fitness for the post he occupied and to gratitude for the credit his incumbency had reflected upon the country. A like treatment of Mr. Adams—who has given quite as much provocation as Mr. Motley, but whom Mr. Seward dares not assail—would give our present English minister that nomination to the Presidency which we trust in any case he may receive.

NATIONAL EDUCATION.

FREE GOVERNMENT, the advocates of democracy tell us, has its foundations in popular intelligence; and wherever our republican institutions have conspicuously failed to accomplish what was expected of them, they manage more or less directly to trace the cause to that flood of ignorance with which foreign immigration has overwhelmed the community to whose capabilities and wants the Constitution was adapted by our fathers. Furthermore, they assure us, the remedy for our national disorders lies not in any limitation or checks upon the suffrage, but in universal enlightenment, and we

have only to provide for the education of the masses in order to dispel the indications of failure which statesmen regard with dismay. As it is pretty certain that all thought of abandoning our democracy is very remote, and will only be popularly entertained when it seems to offer the only refuge from anarchy, we cannot afford to ignore any practicable expedient that may avert dangers becoming daily more imminent, especially if the measure be one in itself so advantageous as an efficient system of universal instruction. Popular education, for all our gratulation about it and all the praise we receive from abroad, has never had a full trial in this country. It has been left to the care of the states, and they have cared for it or not, or if they have done so, have done it in just such manner as seemed good to them. Two or three states have obtained satisfactory systems of public schools; half a dozen more have made honest but ineffectual efforts to imitate them; and in the rest they either do not exist at all or are in such wretched plight that, as a means to national civilization, we can make no account of them.

The fact is that no system of public education can be effectual which relies upon the isolated and independent efforts of individual states. The circumstance that Massachusetts, Connecticut, and a dozen large cities have good public schools, affords no ground for believing that in time similar means will furnish their equals throughout the country. The melancholy desuetude into which education falls in rural districts is, though partially, by no means solely attributable to ignorant and apathetic legislators or to the close-fisted rustics who determine township appropriations and constitute school committees. Even if it were possible to change all this and infuse liberal and enlightened ideas of the importance of the subject into the local authorities who have the matter in charge, it would still be impossible that public schools should attain to their full measure of usefulness under the auspices of the states. With nearly two-score sets of directors it would, for instance, be out of the question to establish such uniformity of system that a child, brought to a new home, could at once find his level in his school without adapting himself to a different system of instruction, different text-books, different studies, and different caprices in his teachers respecting the value and method of the studies he has pursued. It would be impossible to make the class in which a boy is placed in a public school afford any clue to his acquirements or their thoroughness. It would be inevitable, in fact, that the schools of different states should be managed on principles directly at variance with one another, and adopted from the accidental favor they have found in the eyes of officials temporarily in authority. In no profession are people more apt to go off into theoretic vagaries than in education; and of every new absurdity speciously presented to legislators practically ignorant of the subject, the children of the states must be the victims until another administration decrees a change, with all the unprofitable circumstances attending it. But even this degree of interest in the matter, chaotic and undesirable as its results would inevitably be, is greatly in advance of any condition of education to which the states can possibly attain within a generation. Many of them are destitute alike of teachers, means, disposition to use them, and favorable public sentiment on the subject; and from the progress which some of the original thirteen states have hitherto made, it would be unduly sanguine to expect the universal establishment of public schools before the millennium shall have rendered them superfluous.

Only the general government has resources for providing the entire country with schools. And what is of greater importance, it can ensure that unity and completeness of system that can be had in no other manner. This must come, if it all, through some such organization as that of the Coast Survey, entirely removed from politics and under the management of a chief holding his power in permanence. By such means might be secured a thoroughly digested course of instruction free from the changes and imperfections of the school-superintendent plan; pupils could pass from grade to grade and school to school as soon as they were fitted to do so, without delays for special

preparation or an entire abandonment of the plans of study to which they were accustomed. A uniform system of this kind would challenge a degree of observation and criticism which few useless or antiquated studies could survive, and from which must soon arise so well known a standard that the standing of a pupil in a public school would afford as satisfactory evidence of his capacity for business life as the degrees of the better class of colleges and professional schools do for the proficiency of their owners. In nothing, however, would be more evident the superiority of these schools over any which could exist under state patronage than in the greater incentives to exertion that could be offered to their pupils. Their instructors would quickly become skilled to discern merit in students and to discover the direction in which their talents lay, so that at the proper point in their career the deserving might be transferred to special classes or schools designed to prepare them for the public service. It needs little consideration to see how a selection from hundreds of thousands of pupils, with competitive examinations where the number of candidates was still too great, would provide the country with servants infinitely better than the nominees of the favoritism or political trafficking of congressmen. From national public schools ought to be drawn all the cadets of West Point and Annapolis, all postmasters and collectors, clerks of post-offices, custom-houses, and the departments, the naval engineers, officers of navy-yards and arsenals—every minor government office. Beside the immense gain in the efficiency of the public service, there would be an incalculable diminution in the corruption consequent upon the wholly bad system of rotation in office, and the entire cost of the system would be amply compensated by ending the miserable race of political office holders and seekers and the consequent government "influence." For women such schools would open employments from which they are now practically debarred. Just as studious boys would be drafted off—wholly, of course, by their own and their parents' consent—for preparation for the public service, so from their sisters should be selected candidates for clerkships, for schools to educate them as teachers, for schools of design, for whatever else they might show an aptitude and which came within the scope of the national institutions. Nor ought the system to end even here. If it should not seem wise to embrace under the system colleges for polite and professional study, the government ought at least to found scholarships in the best colleges and professional schools; it ought, in short, to provide all ordinary facilities for pupils of especial merit in whatever direction their tastes and talents led them.

The benefits that must spring from a system of national education, if administered with discernment and liberality, suggest themselves too readily to need enlarging upon. The present condition of schools, the certainty that no thorough change for the better can come by ordinary means, the manner in which unsupervised appropriations are frittered away with nothing to show for them, as in the case of the agricultural college grant—these are among the imperative arguments for national intervention; while the need for radical reforms in all departments of the public service seems to demand that the two should be coupled. Indeed, to secure their full efficiency, to obtain the degree of public attention and interest essential to their prosperity, to guarantee such inducements to attendance upon them as shall banish niggardly objections, the schools should be made an integral part of the body politic. Upon the question of economy we have not space enough remaining to enlarge; but we believe that, aside from the immense savings by the employment of qualified clerks, such a system as we have rudely sketched could be maintained at less aggregate cost than that for inferior schools throughout the different states. One obstacle to most reforms is in this case fortunately wanting. There are no vested rights to the positions awarded to the adherents of members of Congress; no office is held by hereditary descent, and even the parties which now exist have faint prospects of life for more than a brief term of years; from which considerations it is obvious that no end to rotation in office can come from schools not yet established and which it would take several years to perfect, until the

present political generation shall have passed from the stage.

BRIBERY.

IN city governments, state legislatures, and the national Congress bribery is becoming one of the invariable appendages to legislation. It is of that class of crimes which are most easily concealed, because only those who participate in it need know of its commission. Its traces may be visible and its existence beyond doubt, with no possibility of obtaining distinct proof. Scarcely any one violation of law involves more absolute guilt than this. It embraces cheating, theft, falsehood, perjury, and not infrequently moral treason; for the officer who corruptly sells his vote, and thus betrays the public to which it belongs, is guilty of all these. Yet probably no winter passes without witnessing its prevalence, to a greater or less extent, in every state capital, as well as at Washington.

The boldness with which bribery is committed, and the entire absence of shame evinced by the offenders, appeared in the recent cases that have been brought to light in New Jersey. The thirty years' consistent practices of the Camden and Amboy corporation have made the lobbies of the legislature of that state sinks of corruption in which every scheme where the prize is of sufficient importance addresses itself to the members with golden arguments, and corporations vie with each other which shall bid highest for a legislator's vote. The Legislature of 1866 was apparently more corrupt than its predecessors. So notorious had the facts become, that the law officer of Mercer county—in which the capital is situated—brought the subject before the grand jury. The jury, instituting a thorough investigation, found fourteen true bills against members of the legislature and members of the lobby for the crime of bribery. There are but eighty-one members of both houses, so that the bills found were in the ratio of nearly twenty per cent. Many of the officers and adherents of the wealthy corporations of the state, however, were implicated, and they at once flew to the rescue, most conspicuous among them being the followers of the Camden and Amboy monopoly. Beginning by tampering with the grand jury, by dint of appliances that never probably will be known to the public, they induced the jury to reconsider nine of the bills thus found. They endeavored to dispose of all of them; but the jury considered this too bold—it might bring themselves into collision with the court.

Four indictments at last were found, and the salaried lawyers of the Camden and Amboy company were employed to defraud justice of her vested rights in these four worthies. One of them, the Hon. Daniel Holsman, formerly a member of the Senate and speaker of the House, escaped through the sudden lapse of memory in one of the principal witnesses for the state—the oblivious condition of his mind evidently arising from too close an intimacy with the corrupt corporations. A second escaped in a manner somewhat similar. A third, the Hon. Charles Ruh, after very faint swearing by the principal witness, who was a fellow-member with the prisoner, and evidently in his testimony sought the middle ground between truth and its opposite, came signally to grief; the court and jury, believing that the evidence was sufficient for a conviction, sent the honorable gentleman to the state prison. A fourth, one Barclay Haines, a Quaker, pleaded *non cult*, and was fined one thousand dollars and disqualified for office. Thus out of fourteen true bills the law secures but two convictions; not that the guilt of the parties was not patent, but that the great corporations overshadowed the law and robbed justice of her dues.

A yet more flagrant exhibition of the growth of corruption and the tenacity of the corruptionists was still in reserve. The two houses of the present Legislature immediately upon meeting took up the case of the convict Ruh, expressing for him the deepest sympathy, and passing resolutions to wait in a body upon the governor and request the criminal's pardon. Not satisfied with this open affiliation with crime, they introduced and passed a bill the effect of whose enactment would have been to make bribery less odious and to render escape from its penalties almost certain. Indeed, the bill was generally understood to have been prepared by the counsel of the monopolies, and its evident intent was to relieve all future legislators from fear of punishment for either giving or receiving a bribe. This bill the governor vetoed, expressly upon the ground, amongst other cogent reasons, that its tendency was to encourage bribery. Yet the Senate of New Jersey, with this issue clearly before them, passed this bill over the governor's veto and sent it to the House for their concurrence, where, after a hard contest between the corruptionists

and the honest men of that body, it was finally defeated, receiving but twelve votes.*

Trenton is probably rather less corrupt than Albany or Harrisburg, certainly less so than Washington. Yet in the utter incredulity manifested upon the sentencing of Ruh, the confidence everywhere shown that he would be pardoned at an early day, the quiet content with which the escape of the others was received as an expected event, the ease with which the grand jury itself was diverted, the light sentence passed upon the second convicted culprit, who is notoriously one of the numerous myrmidons of the Camden and Amboy company—in these circumstances may be seen the entire apathy with which the public have learned to regard the entire destruction of purity in government which wealth working through an unlimited suffrage can effect. The use of improper appliances in legislation has long been so notorious as to have been assumed as universal, and people have been deterred from seeking legislative aid unless prepared to purchase it. But it is a new and alarming feature in the growth of corruption that legislators should dare, and so nearly with success, to protect themselves by law from punishment for the gravest dereliction of which they can be guilty.

MUSIC IN THE MORNING.

IT is curious to note how greatly our habits change with advancing civilization, and with the growth of classes of society once much less influential than at present; and it is in matters connected with art that these changes are most easily perceived. It is not more than a hundred years ago that a patron was the first necessity of an artist or a man of letters; and the masterpieces of Mozart and Haydn were mainly composed for occasions such as the celebrations of birth-days of petty German princes. Let us be just, however, to those now unfortunate and rapidly disappearing dignitaries, and candidly acknowledge that patrons and princes very often understood art well, and maintained artists at a period when public taste was by no means sufficiently advanced to do so. Indeed, at this moment the daring revolutionary Wagner and the sensitive genius Liszt are each of them sheltered from a world but little disposed to be tender to their vagaries by kingly and courtly protection. To the patron succeeded the public, that many-headed monster, to whom so many sopas have still to be thrown; but it is when a certain section of that public can be enlisted for some special object, such as a course of subscription concerts, or a series of performances comprising all the works of a great master, that the relations of artist and patron, of musician and amateur, become most cordial; and it is the peculiar felicity of the small knot of accomplished persons who represent music in New York to-day that they have the most interesting portion of the public—the young ladies—all to themselves. Pianos may be, often are, purchased by middle-aged gentlemen, but in giving a concert the thing is to consult the taste of sweet seventeen. Consult her taste by delicate and masterly performance on the instrument which she best understands—the piano-forte; also by securing the services of a singer who will not act, nor coquette, nor stop all flow of sympathy by her self-occupation, and who, by years of patient training, has gained the ability to execute the greatest difficulties with the slightest effort, and who, because she sings perfectly, never wears her voice nor her hearers. And when this is done, consult her good by choosing some music of a deeper character than she herself might ask for; and then consult her convenience, and have the whole thing in the morning.

It is unnecessary to say that, year by year, New York grows richer in this kind of special and refined occasion—something between study and entertainment—where one half the charm consists in the certainty of escaping vulgar ballads and still more vulgar encores, and the other half in the silent sympathy of a delicate and appreciative audience. The little murmur which greets the appearance of a favorite artist or, it may be, teacher, the breathless stillness during the performance, the slight attempt at applause at the end manifested by an inaudible patting of tiny gloved hands, must be infinitely more flattering to an artist than the noise of stamping crowds, and the Musical Junta have not been insensible to such

* In the House, upon the first passage of the bribery bill, the following was the vote:

AYES—Messrs. Allen, Brown, Beesley, Baldwin, W. W. Clark, H. F. Clark, Corlies, Christie, Collings, Coate, Cole, Grant, Dwyer, Davenport, Edwards, Evans, Fulmer, Fort, Garrison, Givens, Henry, Hedden, W. M. Iliff, Jarrard, Moore, Mount, Nixon, Sewell, Perrine, Thompson, Taylor, Van Emburgh, Vall, Villot, Ward, and White—36.

NAYS—Messrs. Bruere, Ball, A. P. Condit, Custis, Keller, Fisk, Kenbury, W. J. Iliff, Morris, Pickel, Runyon, Sayre, Trimble, Voorhees, Wolcott, and Wilson—15.

In the Senate, in passing the bill over the governor's veto, the following senators voted in the affirmative:

YEAS—Anderson, Buckley, Cobb, Dater, Horner, Ludlam, Martin, Plummer, Robins, Winfield, Wright, and Ware—12.

homage and such sympathy. With the New York season at its height; with rehearsals almost every day, and concerts, public or private, every evening; with new pupils besieging and old ones clamoring, they find time to give—literally give—series of receptions to their friends and admirers; so that we actually possess a foretaste of that happy future so long foretold, when there shall be no patron and no public, and when the artist, living only for art, shall be rewarded only with fame, and shall not be restrained from doing his best and his highest by the miserable question, "Will it pay?" To be sure, it may be said that all these receptions and exhibitions tend to the increase of influence and of pupils; and in the case more particularly in mind there are the cabinet organs—an instrument which, with all its kind, harmoniums, melodeons, seraphines, and orchestrans, THE ROUND TABLE cordially abominates—whose sale is supposed to be promoted thereby; but the truth is, mere self-interest does not prompt men whose position is already secure to such efforts. They do it because they love it—because, although it is their business to gain an income from the practice and teaching of their art, it is, in a higher sense, their business to bear witness for that art itself, and to maintain and extend the glory of its mighty dead. It has often been said that the pleasure derived from acting or singing is of a low kind because ephemeral, living beyond the hour only in the memory of the hearer; while a painting makes its appeal or teaches its lesson centuries after the hand that traced or the brain that designed it has returned to the dust.

To our thinking, the composition of instrumental music is the most human of all arts, for while it is committed to a record more durable than canvas or marble, that of printing, it yet bases its hopes of immortality on the endless succession of young artists who devote their best years to that assiduous training which ensures its just performance; and at each repetition the work of the cold hand is taken up by living fingers, and the thoughts of the mouldering brain are rendered by one touched, it may be, with a divine fire kindred to its own. These thoughts were in our mind while listening recently to Mr. William Mason's performance of Liszt's *Fantasia on Lucia di Lammermoor*, a composition which employs the fine melody of Donizetti as a ground-work for the nobler treatment of the higher and rarer if less prolific genius of Liszt, which reaches the utmost bound of legitimate piano-forte playing, and which, by the power of one man's genius transmitted through a conscientious artist, raises his auditors for the time to that point of mental elevation which is the ultimate aim and recompense of the highest art. That this was so with others as well as ourselves, the little sigh with which when the music ceased the audience returned to this work-a-day world abundantly proved. Music in the morning is now an established feature of New York life, and long may it so remain. To the Philharmonic Society we owe this as well as other benefits, and we remember well when only twenty or thirty people used to attend their rehearsals instead of the number which may now usually be seen—some three or four hundred. The system has gradually grown to the dimensions which are now apparent, and the women of the city are provided with a source of pleasure and instruction of the highest kind; while the few masculine wanderers who meekly venture in, feeling their escort, as such, to be utterly superfluous, are content if the most mischievous and most adorable of their acquaintances refrain from offering to escort them.

PHYSIOLOGICAL GASTRONOMY.

No. I. INTRODUCTORY AND EXPLANATORY.

THE human race, even that portion of it which forms this great and progressive nation, must for ever be subject to the universal law that something cannot be created out of nothing. Undoubtedly, our go-ahead people would make the endeavor to work their physiological machinery without fuel were not such vain attempts checked at the outset by penalties as severe as they are inevitable. If a vote were to be taken at the Stock Exchange or the Chamber of Commerce upon the question of the practical utility of devoting a number of the hours of the day to eating, drinking, and sleeping, a party would probably be found in favor of repealing all the laws of nature which bear upon this question; and many would like to amend the constitution of man, so as to do away with the necessity of repose and nourishment. But the constituents of the body will not submit to such treatment. The expenditures of the human organism amount to several pounds in the twenty-four hours; and the material thus lost must be supplied from the external world. The loss sustained by the exhalation of carbonic acid from the lungs must be supplied by the introduction of oxygen and carbon; the loss of water must be made

up by drink, and of solids, by taking solid food. These laws can never be successfully resisted; and science teaches that we can accomplish the most work by conforming to them as closely as possible.

In the more mature nations of Europe, where there is a large class of society without what we call occupation, the wants of the system are more carefully considered than here. The material which exists in such abundance in this country is there more nearly approximated to the actual wants of the people. In many parts of Europe it is necessary to make use of every particle of food; and we always find the science of cookery carried to the highest point where this necessity is most keenly felt. If the prices of food in the great cities of this country should remain long at the present rates, there must be a great improvement in the art of cookery. At the tables of most of the first-class hotels which are managed on the American plan there is much more food than can possibly be consumed by the guests, and most of the excess is wasted. Many entire dishes pass from the table untouched, and the idea of eating regularly through the bill of fare is simply absurd. It is by no means an exaggerated estimate when we assume that one-half of the nutritious matter cooked in hotels is absolutely wasted; and the loss is nearly as great in many private families. This may be a trite observation, but it is none the less important, in view of the causes which lie at the bottom of this needless waste and the simple way in which it can be remedied. As a rule to which there are few exceptions, wasteful cookery is bad cookery. Compare, for example, the so-called elaborate "made dishes" with high-sounding French names served at hotels, with the same dishes served at an elegant private dinner or a dinner at a good restaurant. In the one instance, the material used as the basis of the dish is seethed for a few moments in a universal gravy, with, perhaps, a dash of special flavoring; then put upon the table a half hour before any attempt will be made to eat it, in what chemists would call an evaporating dish, by which it is more or less desiccated, the volatile flavoring matters being thus lost; or, owing to the high price of alcohol, it becomes refrigerated to a point when it is neither hot nor cold. In the other instance, when the cook expects his dish to be eaten, the peculiar flavors of the meat are carefully developed and heightened by skilfully prepared and harmonized sauces, and it is served at the proper time and in proper condition. The remedy lies in requiring of cooks some knowledge of the culinary art, and in educating the mass of the people to such a point that they will generally be able to recognize good cooking.

To develop a race of good cooks in this country seems almost hopeless, so long as there is such a demand for what is called plain cooking. Plain cooking is really one of the most difficult, if not the most difficult branch of the art. "On devient cuisinier, mais on naît, rôtisseur," said Brillat-Savarin. When we consider from a chemical point of view the changes which can be effected in meats simply by the proper application of heat, we can appreciate the delicate operations necessary in plain roasting or broiling. For example, in roasting beef, supposing that the material be good, the exquisite and delicate flavors which characterize the skilfully cooked piece are developed in the meat itself. The muscular tissue, which forms the greatest part of the muscular tissue, becomes changed in its consistence, and develops certain peculiar and characteristic aromatic principles. These principles are lost if the heat be too great or too long continued, and are not formed if the cooking be insufficient. The odorous exhalations from badly cooked meat are simply so much taken from the flavor which it should have when served. To those fond of coffee the odors given off when the berry is roasted are very agreeable, but it would be better if they could be retained and the volatile principles extracted by the boiling water when the coffee is made. It is the same with roasted or broiled meats. One of the most certain evidences of bad housekeeping is the penetration of the odors from the kitchen to every part of the house; and when the bill of fare is thus announced, a bad dinner is almost sure to follow. Another item in plain cookery, which will be taken up more fully in another article, is the making of soups, particularly clear soups. A good clear soup contains nearly all the nutrient and empyreumatic constituents of the meat, and is excessively difficult to prepare; for here, as in roasting, the best flavors are developed in the cooking and are not added ready-made. In spite of these facts, which are not only well known to all good cooks, but are demonstrable scientifically, we venture to say that most lady housekeepers would be very much astonished if told that their cooks, who may make no pretension to elaborate French cooking but profess only plain dishes, are ignorant of the first principles of the culinary art. Nevertheless this is the melancholy fact, and

when most of the cooks in private families do anything well, it is an accident, which we may hope to meet with frequently, but which can never be depended upon. The ordinary definition of a good plain cook is one that can make soup, roast, boil, and broil. The soup is generally made by extracting the albuminoids from the meat and so effectually coagulating them that it can never be clarified; and both the extract and the *bouilli* are unmitigatedly bad. In the roast, the whole texture of the meat is tasteless and of a uniform drab color, or, if you like it rare, it is burned on the exterior and the rest is raw. Broiling is done upon the same principle; and boiled meats have the nutrient matter thoroughly removed. This picture is not very flattering to American housekeepers, but all who have given any reflection to this subject know that it applies to more than half the professed cooks in this country; and this state of things will continue so long as the absurd distinction is made between plain and fancy cooking, and especially so long as housekeepers refuse to educate themselves so as to know when things are well cooked.

Upon broad, scientific grounds we propose to defend and advocate good living, in the old and in the young, in men and women. In the old, good living is especially necessary, for, as a rule, we work in this country as long as life lasts, and even when the system begins to fail in many ways, digestion is generally not sensibly impaired. The practical physician knows that there are many disorders which do not affect well-fed constitutions, while moderate good living keeps the system in the best possible condition to resist disease, provided the powers be not abused. In the young, the development of the body demands an abundant supply of good, nutritive material. A full-grown, active man must take a goodly quantity of food, in an agreeable form, otherwise he is liable to break down when required to perform extra labor, either mental or physical. One of the most serious evils of over-eating or drinking is the impairment of the digestive organs so that the proper amount of nourishment cannot be assimilated. Fashionably educated women should live well in order to repair, if possible, the damages which their constitutions have suffered from the long diet of hybrid stews, boiled rice, bread without butter, etc., which they have endured at boarding-schools. These facts appeal at once to the common sense of every one, and are supported by the most positive scientific observations.

It is only within the last few years that much has been learned by physiologists concerning the metamorphosis of tissue. Since 1823, when two eminent French physiological chemists, Provost and Dumas, demonstrated that one of the most important of the excrementitious principles is formed in the general system and not in the kidneys, the subject of the waste and repair of the body has been very closely studied. It has been found that the body, in a condition of perfect health, throws off a quantity of carbon and nitrogen, united with other less important elements, which can only be supplied by a liberal diet. This discharge of worn out matter is not entirely dependent upon the quantity of food taken in; and, if the supply of new material be insufficient, for a certain time the body will lose in weight and in capacity for labor. But this cannot go on indefinitely. After a time the vital powers become reduced so that the discharge of effete matters is made to correspond with the ingesta; but then the system is by no means at the standard of perfect health, though there may be no actual disease. Under the ordinary conditions of life, in persons of easy circumstances, the only effect of this condition is an incapacity for severe or prolonged mental or physical exertion, and generally a deficiency in the power of resisting disease; but the physiological effects are most strikingly exemplified when a definite amount of labor is exacted, as in soldiers during severe campaigns. Under these circumstances, insufficient or improper nourishment produces rapid emaciation and leads to the most serious diseases. In the reports of sick during the late war, it was always found that privates were much more frequently affected with disease than officers; a fact which the medical officers of the army attributed to the better hygienic condition of officers as regards the quantity and quality of food. It is a practical fact, important to be remembered by every one, that exercise, both mental and physical, increases the activity of the destructive changes of the organism, as is shown by an increase in the quantity of effete matters discharged, and consequently the demand for nutriment becomes proportionately greater.

In the present advanced state of physiological science as regards digestion, it is well known that a slight excess of food is easily disposed of, while it is evident that a deficiency must reduce the vital powers. The process of the digestion and absorption of nutrient matters is slow and regular, occupying several hours in its performance. While this is going on, the matters are passing slowly

along the intestinal tract, and the excess over that actually required by the system generally passes through and is discharged in a partially digested state. When a large quantity of food has been taken the demands of the organism are satisfied for a longer period than if the quantity had been smaller, and thus the supply is to a certain extent regulated by the appetite; and, again, the quantity of matter absorbed is limited by the time occupied in the passage of the alimentary mass along the intestine. These facts show that no great harm can result from occasionally taking too much food; but if this be done repeatedly, and especially if the proportion of fats, sugar, and starch be considerable, obesity is the almost inevitable result. The very ingenious and instructive pamphlet of Mr. Banting, which has been so popular, especially among persons afflicted with obesity, presents facts which have long been known to physiologists. Starch, sugar, and fats are readily digested and absorbed in the small intestine, and it has been shown by experiment that a diet composed largely of these substances is most favorable to the deposition of adipose tissue. The ingestion of large quantities of liquids, also, seems to favor this process. As exercise increases the losses of the body by excretion, it is evident that when the quantity of food habitually taken is large, a certain amount of exercise is necessary to keep the organism in a healthy condition. Those accustomed to continuous mental exertion, however, must know that this also increases the activity of tissue-metamorphosis; and frequently the literary man of sedentary habits requires nearly as much solid food as the day-laborer.

It is to be regretted that such facts as these are not more generally appreciated by the educated public. Of all the natural sciences, physiology is the one which should be most thoroughly popularized. Facts are only dry and uninteresting to the people when their applications to every-day life cannot be made apparent. Certainly it is of as much practical utility to know what modern science teaches with regard to eating and drinking as to smatter a little in astronomy, chemistry, or natural history. The scientific dilettanti are very much interested in the numberless new varieties of animal life which have lately been discovered in the Amazon, but would be troubled to say what becomes of one of these fish when exposed to the action of the digestive fluids—a question of much more practical importance.

If educated persons were to devote a little time to the study of modern physiology, they would find many very agreeable truths. An experienced diner-out knows that a poor dinner, while it offends his educated gustatory sense, will certainly tax his digestive powers severely. On the other hand, a well ordered dinner will produce no distress, though the quantity of food taken may be considerable. The cause of the difference is that one is cooked, served, and eaten physiologically, while in the other the most important physiological laws are violated. He would find, also, that the delicious odor which makes the water come in the mouth promotes the secretion of the gastric juice; that digestion is promoted by tranquillity of body and mind during and immediately after a meal, and that nothing favors this essential function so much as agreeable society and the actual gustatory enjoyment of food; and, best of all, that the appetite, when not depraved by excesses, is a pretty reliable guide as regards the quantity and kind of food to be taken. This last is the most important consideration; and we do not make this assertion with regard to the appetite lightly or without a basis of positive scientific facts.

What is ordinarily known as the appetite expresses a necessity on the part of the system for solid food. Thirst expresses a demand for water, and the indefinite sense, called sometimes the respiratory sense, expresses the want of air. When either of these wants are supplied the corresponding sensation ceases. Thirst may be alleviated by injecting water into the veins; but solid food requires elaborate preparation by digestion, and hunger can only be relieved by eating. As regards the proper quantity of food, the appetite is a sure guide, if its dictates be scrupulously followed. Few persons actually want to eat too much; and if the stomach be overloaded, it is generally because eating is continued after the appetite has been satisfied.

With regard to the kind of food, the taste is generally a proper guide. There is no fact better known to physiologists than that the organism demands a greatly varied diet. Not only is it hurtful to restrict the diet to salt meats and dry bread, as is often done in armies and at sea, but there must be considerable variety even when we have fresh meats and vegetables in abundance. If the diet be very monotonous, the disorders in nutrition are very well marked. Scurvy, with its varied phenomena, is the inevitable result. But feed a scorbutic patient only for a few days with precisely what his appetite

craves, such as pickles, onions, fresh meat, and what are known as anti-scorbutics, and the immediate improvement is truly marvellous. In the winter fat meats and the heavier articles of food are most consumed, while in summer the light, succulent vegetables are craved. In the arctic regions the quantity of meat, especially fat meat, which is consumed is almost inconceivable; while in the tropics these articles are taken in very small quantity. This difference in the appetite expresses different demands on the part of the system. When the body is exposed to intense cold the nutritive processes are exaggerated in order to keep up the animal temperature, and the appetite is correspondingly increased.

When we attempt to explain why the system demands that variety in diet which we all know to be so essential to perfect health, science is entirely at fault. All that physiologists have done has been to demonstrate by experiments upon animals (and some have repeated these experiments on their own persons) the simple facts just stated; but much may be done in the way of explanation of the fact that skilfully prepared dishes are most easily digested and are most nutritious. If the chemist wishes to extract from meats the greatest possible amount of nutritive animal matters without employing powerful solvents, he will employ very much the same method that a good cook would use in making a soup. If a physiologist wishes to excite the secretion of the digestive fluids, he will succeed best by presenting to the gustatory nerves meats in which the peculiar aromatic flavors have been most highly developed. With morbid tastes we have nothing to do, for these concern only the physician; but the natural tastes, which may be cultivated without being perverted, are, to a great extent, an indication of the wants of the system. It is comforting to reflect that these inclinations, which it is often difficult to resist, may be usually followed with safety.

There is undoubtedly such a thing as physiological gastronomy. Man is not a machine designed for purely physical labor, the highest object of whose existence is to keep the functions which he possesses in common with the inferior animals in the best possible condition. The great brain with which he has been endowed gives him extraordinary responsibilities and aspirations. He is exposed to unusual labors, which involve irregularities in living and necessitate many expedients by which the forces may be temporarily sustained for the performance of some great work which may immensely advance the interests of humanity. The physical infirmities which are so frequently attached to men of great intellect are often to be looked upon as sacrifices rather than vices; and such men receive most charity from those who are best able to appreciate their works. As an offset to these requirements, man has been endowed with the faculty of deriving exquisite pleasure through the senses, especially when these have been highly cultivated. When the brain of the divine Beethoven conceived those harmonies which have thrilled the sympathetic souls of thousands, the mathematical explanations of many of the laws of harmony and modulation were undiscovered. In a perfect dinner everything progresses harmoniously like the movements of a symphony, but this is equally subject to certain scientific laws. Confessing our inability to treat of dining from a purely gastronomic point of view, we propose in a few articles to consider this subject physiologically. There is a certain routine in dining which is pretty generally accepted by gastronomes in the great centres of civilization; and it is an interesting question to determine how far this is in accordance with known physiological laws.

CORRESPONDENCE.

LONDON.

LONDON, February 9, 1867.

LONG before this letter reaches the eyes of readers of THE ROUND TABLE, news of the commencement of our great reform battle will have been flashed through the wires of the Atlantic cable. This is really the only subject now discussed in our political world. Our Tory government did indeed give the Queen a long speech the other day, in which all sorts of things were talked about; but that was a mere trick. There is no conceivable measure they might not have promised with perfect safety; for in no case could they be called on to redeem their promises this year, and next year will have its own Queen's speech, and can take care of itself. The fact is, as Lord Derby well knows, that if the government fail to grapple with the reform question, Mr. Gladstone and the Liberals will make short work of them; and if they do grapple with it there is business enough cut out for them for the remainder of the year. So much for the liberal promises of the Queen's speech. I suppose that in your unhappy country, where the tyrant majority

lords it over all the culture and refinement of the land, and no sacred house of peers rejoices in an hereditary right to obstruct the wishes of nineteen-twentieths of their fellow-countrymen, it is hard to conceive the importance which we attach to those meagre and enigmatical productions which go by the name of Queen's speeches. But we are thankful for what we can get. Our aristocratic organs, indeed, are more than thankful. *The Times* thinks it good fun to call attention to the "long-windedness" of a President's message—the five or six columns which that paper will give to a description of a review or a royal marriage being too much space, in its opinion, for a document which takes a great nation into council with its ruler on the public affairs of an entire year. A Queen's speech is, it is true, a very different sort of thing. We study that as Dr. Cumming studies a text from the book of Daniel; and everybody makes of it what he can for himself. So now, after reading the Derby platform, we are all asking what are the government going to do? The opinion seems to be that they will simply propose resolutions as a basis for drawing up a bill, which means that our government have no principles of their own, but would like to know the opinion of the House of Commons on the matter; and any way are ready to hold office until they are kicked out. Finally of course it must come to this, for the House will only pass a measure based on principles to which it assents; but the Tories forget that, besides having a policy of its own, the House of Commons will probably have a determination that that policy shall be carried out not by the party it distrusts, but by those in whom it has confidence. The downfall of the Derby government may be looked upon as certain; and Mr. Gladstone when once more minister must find his position greatly strengthened. There is no question that public opinion has made immense strides in the direction of radicalism during the past winter. On Monday, as you have heard, we are to have another great demonstration in the streets in favor of manhood suffrage and vote by ballot; and it has come to this, that no government dares interfere with it. The government have discovered that such processions are perfectly legal; but whoever supposes that this means more than that it would not be politic to stop them, quite mistakes the practical working of our constitution. If opinion in favor of the reform movement had not attained a formidable growth, plenty of reasons, aye and good legal reasons, would have been found by the law officers of the crown for suppressing the whole thing as an intolerable nuisance to the ruling classes.

A Mr. George Harvey, of 16 Rathbone Place, Oxford Street, has sent me a form to fill up beginning, "Sir: Please to insert my name as a subscriber to the work entitled *Was General Washington Born in England?*" He says it is a "suppressed question." I suppose your people suppressed it. Terms are "one guinea, to be paid at the time of delivery." Harvey says he first got the notion through "George Field, Esq.," author of the *Outlines of Analogical Philosophy* and *The Philosophy of Logic*—a gentleman who had been for years deep in the seclusion of books and buried from the world. That is the way, you see, to discover a great man's birthplace. Go deep into the seclusion of books, bury yourself from the world, engender a suspicion of historical and biographical errors, infect an active, enterprising mind like that of Harvey with the same suspicion, and the thing is accomplished. Mr. Harvey tells me, by means of his circular, that he has been "at a heavy expense of time and money searching out documentary evidence confirming Mr. Field's statements." "There will be in the book (quarto, elegantly bound in cloth, gilt-embossing, with not less than two hundred pages of letter-press) a chromo-lithograph, from the original portrait, of Miss Mary Ball, taken a short time before her marriage to Augustine Washington, the father of George; a line engraving of the general, from the painting by Gilbert Stuart, showing the family features of the son to be those of the mother; ditto of the house in which he was born, in England; ditto, from a drawing made by Harvey himself, of the old walnut tree planted by the father while in England; a vignette wood-cut of the stone placed to commemorate the spot where the general was alleged to have been born in Virginia [only "alleged," mind]; ditto, the unfinished monument to the memory of General Washington's mother, near Fredericksburg; and ditto, the design of the obelisk intended to surmount the monument, the marble for which is quarried, and lies near by." Two or three more extracts from Mr. Harvey's prospectus may perhaps interest you.

"The deplorable neglect (he says) of biographic records of the mothers of great men is almost universal, though the home culture of the young mind, whereby moral greatness is mainly derived, is admitted by every thoughtful person. In the proposed publication, relating to Mrs. Washington, it must be stated that the deficiency is such

much cannot be said, but that little will be fully revealed, and will serve to give some faint idea of the early training of her son George.

"Washington Irving's *Life of General Washington* is nearly silent in regard to the mother, yet this gifted writer was eminently at home when he discoursed on woman's character. It is, therefore, probable that few materials were in his possession for such a purpose, or otherwise he would not have failed to have employed them.

"Hitherto, the publication of the records in Mr. Harvey's possession has been withheld, finding the statements to be unpalatable to American prejudices, although Mr. Thornton has urged it as a duty. These causes are now, however, removed, since Virginia has desecrated the hitherto supposed country of Washington's birth by her foul rebellion against the lawful government that this great man was mainly instrumental in founding."

There has been another attempt this week to put down free criticism by costs and damages. Luckily it has failed. A certain Dr. Strauss, a gentleman of polyglot extraction, published some time ago a novel called *The Old Ledger*, and, according to custom, forwarded a copy to *The Athenæum* literary journal for review. Of course, if the review had been favorable the doctor would have been perfectly satisfied. If the editor had described it as he sometimes does describe a book, in his general words, as "a dainty volume, a bright" (the word "bright" is always kept in stereotype in the *Athenæum* office) "and genial book," or anything of that kind, there would have been no action. But the critic spoke out. He said that it was "the worst attempt at a novel ever perpetrated." The word perpetrated, in this sense, is a sort of slang, the use of which does not savor of literary judgment, and is therefore injudicious in a critic who expects his readers to trust his unsupported verdict. The needless employment of superlatives is, moreover, not indicative of a judicial mind. There have been so many more bad novels written than this critic could possibly have read that we may assume that he was merely writing as excited ladies sometimes talk, and meant only to say that Dr. Strauss had published a very bad novel indeed. I have no doubt he was quite right; first, because of the abstract probability of the thing, and secondly, because of the extracts which were read aloud in court and which were certainly bad enough. Whether it was strictly true that the work was "an abominable one, containing an amount of bad French, German, Latin, and English, and vulgarity, profanity, indelicacy, inanity, and self-complacency, with a perpetual recurrence of abuse," not having read the book, I cannot say; but the jury evidently thought that the writer was at liberty to say all this if he thought it true; and this, in a legal point of view, is really the result of Dr. Strauss's action, or rather his two actions, for this was a revival of the story on a new issue, the doctor having already brought an action and failed. On the whole, the public and the critics may be congratulated on the result. We have had many attempts, lately, to intimidate critical journals, and some have been successful, and it wanted but a few more cases of the kind to destroy the last spark of honest independence.

There are influences enough at work to corrupt the honest critic without establishing a sort of legal terrorism destructive of everything but timid commonplaces. Since I called attention to the singular notions of Mr. Samuel Lucas and Mr. Thomas Hood, the editors of the recently published volume of selections from Hood's poems, as to the qualities which constitute a "serious poem," Mr. John Hollingshead, I see, has written on the same subject to *The Athenæum*, and Mr. Thomas Hood has written a reply. Mr. Hood says that his father did write the poem on page 48 of Moxon's volume of his *Serious Poems*, and that he evidently, for reasons given, saw nothing indelicate or improper in it. But how did it get into a collection of "Serious Poems by Thomas Hood"? Mr. Hood, who is evidently as much puzzled about this as anybody else, merely remarks that "Mr. Samuel Lucas, who edited the serious selection, will no doubt be able to give his reason for inserting the poem in that volume." Mr. Lucas will be able to do nothing of the sort, and the reason is very simple, though well worth knowing to those who put faith in editorship of this kind. The fact is that Mr. Lucas had nothing to do with the volume but to put his name to it, for which Messrs. Moxon & Co. paid him a handsome sum. Was Mr. Lucas's name so popular then; some may ask, as to make it worth the while of any publisher to pay for such a shadowy service? Not at all. Mr. Lucas has never written anything but anonymous reviews; and though he republished some of these with his name one day, he is almost entirely unknown to the book-buying public. But then Mr. Lucas is, or rather was, a writer of criticisms on books in *The Times*, and it is astonishing how valuable our publishers think any little service which *Times* reviewers can perform, and how fond they are of providing them with tasks which are fictitious in everything but the checks which are drawn for them.

There is not a journal here which dares call attention to these facts, though it may be done without the slightest violation of confidence or privacy. There is not, for example, any secret in the fact that Mr. Lucas was a *Times* reviewer, for he himself republished his reviews from *The Times* with his own name upon the title-page; it is equally certain that he contributes nothing but his name to Messrs. Moxon's volume. This much, at least, might be said in this or any similar case, but it will not be said. Indeed, if I had not been corrupted by the habit of writing these letters for an American journal, I should no more have thought of noticing these facts than I should of printing Mr. Carlyle's weekly grocery bill, a copy of which—a very interesting document, throwing important light on his domestic habits—has accidentally come into my possession. We are sadly in want of some Benthamite philosopher, some uncompromising speculator in ethics, to question many of the rules of etiquette and social morals which find acceptance among us. It may be very well for publishers and critics that the strictest secrecy be kept about these things, but a moralist of "the greatest happiness" school may perhaps think that something is also due to the public interest; something to those who buy books on the faith of editors' names, and who read criticisms in "powerful journals" in the belief that their writers have no motives to be partial.

Baron Tauchnitz, whose little pocket half-thaler volumes of English authors every traveller on the continent of Europe knows full well, is going to open up a new field with translations into English of the best German authors, beginning with Auerbach's novel *On the Heights*, in three volumes. The sale is expected to be extensive here. It is a pretty story of village and court life—the connection between the two being a poor peasant heroine who goes to court to nurse a royal infant. Auerbach's stories have hitherto been almost entirely confined to the peculiarities of his own village life only, which is, perhaps, the reason why they have not been much relished in other countries, though so immensely popular in Germany. The Tauchnitz volumes are convenient and portable, and I wonder they have not been more limited. They sell largely, but are too cheap to be a mine of wealth to a publisher. A small sum from Tauchnitz for leave to reprint for circulation abroad is now established among the minor gains of British authors. Tauchnitz gave Carlyle for the first four volumes of his *Frederick the Great* £225, and printed in the same year an edition of 2,000 and another of 1,660 copies. His sale of English popular works is generally about 3,000 copies, and it is wonderfully steady. Of Mr. Dickens's *Mutual Friend*, for which he paid £150, he published over 4,000 copies in two volumes. I can send you a few more particulars about prices paid which may be of interest: For Mrs. Wood's *Mildred Arkell* (2 vols.) the baron paid £60; Miss Kavanagh's *Beatrice*, £50; Anthony Trollope's *Can You Forgive Her?* (3 vols.), £50; Mrs. Wood's *Onward Cray* (2 vols.), £60; Miss Craik's *Christian's Mistake*, £50; *Land at Last* (2 vols.), £20; Lever's *Littell of Arran* (2 vols.), £30; *Clever Woman of the Family* (2 vols.), £35; Mrs. Riddell's *George Geith* (2 vols.), £25; Miss Thomas's *On Guard* (2 vols.), £25; *Once and Again* (2 vols.), £20; *The Hillyars and Burtons* (2 vols.), £25; Miss Braddon's *Only a Clod* (2 vols.), £25; *Miss Carew and Hand and Glove* (1 vol.), £40; Ainsworth's *Spanish Match* (3 vols.), £20; Miss Marryat's *Love's Conflict* (2 vols.), £25; *Constance Sherwood* (2 vols.), £25; Miss Edwards's *Half-Million of Money* (2 vols.), £40; Hepworth Dixon's *Holy Land* (2 vols.), £50; *Denise*, £20; Le Fanu's *Guy Deverell*, £25; *Alice Forbes* (2 vols.), £20; Mrs. Riddell's *Maxwell Drewett* (2 vols.), £25; and *A Noble Life*, £50. The sums are not large; but it is a new thing for our authors to get any benefit from international copyright, and Tauchnitz, to his honor, not unfrequently pays the family of a writer where there is no copyright whatever.

We have been taught to regard Harpers as a conscientious, nay, even pious firm; but why do they palm off upon the American public pictures as correct representations of something when they are only representations of something else? This would be enigmatical if I left the subject here; though perhaps it might go home to their consciences, and so do good indirectly. But I will give an example. In their *Weekly* for the 26th of January last they give what purports to be a representation of the recent great coal mine disaster in England, and another picture purporting to represent "A Descent of Volunteers into the Oaks Colliery." Look at them and you will observe that the costumes do not look very English, and I will tell you why. The pictures do not represent our recent disaster at all. They were published in France some time before the date of that event in a work entitled *La Vie Souterraine*, where they figure as *Le Coup de Mine* and *La Descente dans les Mines de Wieliczka*. If

this should reach Messrs. Harpers' eyes, let me implore them not to grudge the American artist his fee. Let them give something genuine. It will encourage native talent, besides being more honest. *Lyra Elegantiarum* that beautiful volume of select *vers de société* just published under the editorship of Mr. Locker (himself one of the best writers of that kind of poetry), has brought its publishers into a scrape. It contains a number of copyright poems, which it seems Mr. Locker included without the permission of the authors' families, in happy ignorance of copyright law. What is worse is that the families referred to, in dudgeon withhold their leave, and will not give it at any price. So the publication is stopped, all copies sold are to be returned, the money refunded, and the books destroyed.

M. Bulos, the editor of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, is writing an article on Swinburne's poetical works for that periodical, where it will appear under the title of *Un Poète Païen Anglais*. Cassell, Petter & Galpin are going to make a bold attempt to start a weekly magazine of high literary and artistic merit for one penny. It will contain sixteen pages crown quarto, with numerous illustrations, and will number among its active contributors Dutton Cook, James Hannay, Edmund Yates (it will be a sort of "happy family," you see), John Hollingshead, Walter Thornbury, Godfrey Turner, Andrew Halliday, J. C. Brough, Hain Friswell, J. C. Parkinson, John Oxenford, R. Whiting, the author of *No Church*, G. M. Fenn, Edward Copping, W. J. Prowse, H. S. Leigh, Thomas Archer, Neville Barnard, and its editor, Moy Thomas. The first number will appear on the sixth of March.

You have, perhaps, seen a wrangle going on in our papers about a right Mrs. Wood and a wrong Mrs. Wood, who (if the one may not be classed among Curll's "phantom authors," described in *The Dunciad*) both write novels. Mr. Newby, who publishes for the wrong Mrs. Wood (who never appears, by the way, but, like the phantom authors alluded to, leaves her publisher to speak), declares that her name, too, is Mrs. Henry Wood (address not given); and declines to desist from describing her on his title-pages as "Mrs. Wood." This, by the way, is no new thing with Newby. He had a shadowy Miss Evans writing novels for him; and, if I remember rightly, some other persons of a like shadowy kind, not long ago. It is too bad, but there is no law to prevent it. Literature is often a profitable thing nowadays; but popular authors sometimes like to eke out their earnings with a little extra labor of another kind. Here is Samuel Smiles, author of *The Lives of the Engineers*, who lately gave up the secretaryship of the South-eastern and Charing Cross Railways and a salary of £1,500 per annum, appointed secretary of our National Provident Life Insurance Office, where his pay is £4,000 per annum. The directors were wise. He is a man of ideas and is worth the money. Q.

REVIEWS.

All books designed for review in THE ROUND TABLE must be sent to the office.

THE SISTERS OF MERCY.*

SO good a biography as the one before us, so clear, comprehensive, and well authenticated a narrative of a life of surpassing excellence has seldom been offered to the public. Apart from the profound respect with which this earnest and truly devout woman must inspire all rightly-minded persons, of whatever creed or persuasion, her benevolence, her unwearied efforts to relieve the poor and distressed—especially orphans and destitute females—her cheerfulness in affliction, her bravery in surmounting obstacles in the furtherance of her great object, her boundless generosity and self-imposed poverty, and her final success, through infinite labor and severe sacrifice, in founding the "Order of Mercy," entitle her to a distinguished position among the benefactors of the human race, as well as to the highest consideration as a guide and example to all womankind.

The great need may have passed away for those monastic institutions in which, during the dark ages, the treasures of ancient learning were preserved, and where—protected by that power which, from the chair that stood where once imperial Caesar's throne was raised, sent forth decrees to awe the great ones of the earth—the weak and lonely sought and found sure refuge from licentiousness and violence. Yet, never in the annals of the world did the poor stand in greater need of help than at the present day, and never were innocent and homeless women in greater peril than at this period of our boasted civilization. Sensitively alive to all the evils springing from ignorance and destitution, Catherine Mc-

* *Life of Catherine McAuley, Foundress and First Superior of the Institute of Religious Sisters of Mercy*. By a member of the Order of Mercy. New York: D. & J. Sadlier. 1866.

Auley set about her great work with pious enthusiasm; and to her active endeavors we owe the foundation of an order the beneficent effects of which are felt throughout Christendom.

Catherine McAuley was born in Dublin on the day of the feast of St. Michael, 1787. Her parents were both of ancient Catholic families, and from her father she imbibed her love for the poor, her desire for their instruction, and her devotion to the Catholic faith, to which she adhered with unwavering steadfastness and in the face of most cruel trials. On the death of her parents, she was placed under the care of a relative of her mother's, one Surgeon Conway, a rigid Protestant and strongly opposed to Catholicism. She was subsequently adopted by a lady and gentleman of wealth, who, although likewise Protestants, were yet free from the prejudices which in those days found vent in persecution and violent denunciation, and while under their roof she was enabled to seek and obtain from the Reverend Dr. Murray—afterwards archbishop—that advice and instruction which gave her strength to overcome all obstacles. Ireland was, at this period, in a very unsettled state. Orange disturbances, tithe slaughters, and the destruction of Catholic churches gave rise everywhere to bitter animosities, ending not unfrequently in bloodshed. Not in Ireland alone was the Church destined to suffer:

"Catholicity had been annihilated in the fairest realms of Europe. Priests and religion had been nearly exterminated by banishment or the guillotine; the royal blood of descendants of St. Louis had dyed the pavements of Paris; one pope had died a martyr in a foreign land; he was thought to be the last of the popes. Yet he had a successor, but that successor had languished for eight years in captivity."

Catherine's early years were chiefly devoted to works of piety and benevolence, and, especially in the poor schools of St. Mary's Parish, she was enabled to work great good. The death of the kind people who had adopted her was a source of much grief to Catherine McAuley, although she was made happy in the thought that she had been the means of converting them both to her own faith; and so great was Mr. Callahan's confidence in her that he left her sole heiress to his wealth, consisting of thirty thousand pounds in the Bank of Ireland, six hundred pounds a year in perpetuity, his mansion, plate, jewels, and several policies of life insurance. No sooner did Catherine become possessed of fortune, than she determined to found an institution where servants and other women of good character might be instructed and protected, and to this she added an asylum for orphans.

"Mother McAuley considered all society to be in the hands of women; if wives were good, they could save their husbands; if sisters were good, they could convert their brothers; if mothers were good, they could rear their children well. She delighted to gather poor little ones about her, to make them happy and to surround them with holy and gentle influences. She would never hear of severity with them."

She purchased a piece of ground on Baggot Street, Dublin, for five thousand pounds—subject, likewise, to an annual rental of sixty pounds—and caused a building to be erected at a cost of four thousand pounds. On the day of the feast of our Lady of Mercy, 1827, the establishment was opened for destitute women, orphans, and poor schools, and, at the request of the foundress, the archbishop permitted it to be called "The Institute of Our Blessed Lady of Mercy." At that time Catherine had no idea of founding a religious institute.

"Yet," says one of her early associates, "God so directed her mind and actions that a convent became a kind of necessity. Gradually the interior life took the perfect shape to which it has tended for ages, and the external occupations and relations began to harmonize with it in such a manner that all things became too like monastic life to be permitted unless under monastic rule, and hence monastic rule came at last in God's own time and manner. The house was already built and furnished in conventual style."

The foundress established the pious custom of entertaining all the poor children of the neighborhood at dinner on Christmas day, and her example has been almost universally followed in the order. On the first of these occasions Daniel O'Connell presided at the repast, and he continued to do so whenever he happened to be in Dublin on that anniversary. As might have been expected, the new society met with strong opposition from persons of all ranks—bishops, priests, and laymen; and even the archbishop was not quite satisfied at the anomalous position the institute began to assume, saying that he did not know that the founding of a new order was a part of her plan. It was finally arranged, however, that Miss McAuley and a few of her associates should make a novitiate in some presentation convent, that the "Sisters of Mercy" should become a religious society, and that the practices of monastic life should be introduced at once among its members. Having passed her novitiate, Catherine

was canonically appointed superior by the archbishop. In 1832, during the first visitation of the Asiatic cholera, the foundress and several of her associates went to the hospital and made it their home until the fatal scourge disappeared, and on their return to the institute, finding her own means inadequate for the relief of all the widows and orphans made destitute by this fatal disease, Mother McAuley adopted the expedient of opening a bazaar in order to obtain the requisite funds to satisfy their wants. As a means of ensuring success, Catherine wrote a touching appeal to the Duchess of Kent, imploring her aid and that of her daughter (the present Queen of England) in behalf of her enterprise:

"The duchess returned a most gracious reply, and in a few days a large assortment of fancy-work, executed by the royal fingers of mother and daughter, was officially delivered in Baggot Street. Card, Berlin, and raised work wrought by the duchess, a large velvet muff elegantly embroidered, and several drawings by the Princess Victoria, made up the contents of this valuable contribution. Each article had its value further enhanced by the royal autograph of the fair donor, which was affixed. This was a precedent worthy of imitation. Thousands, who otherwise had done nothing for the poor, now flocked to the hall, and the bazaar was the most prosperous ever held for the poor of Dublin."

The exalted friendship and respect which the great apostle of temperance and the foundress mutually entertained enabled them to render great help to each other in the furtherance of their respective works.

"Catherine McAuley and Theobald Matthew had much in common. Enlarged benevolence, universal sympathy, utmost tenderness for the unfortunate, and almost extravagant kindness to the erring, marked the dealings of both with their fellow-creatures. Not a drop of gall or bitterness was found in either. The sweetness, mildness, and charity of Jesus faintly yet truly irradiated the countenance of each."

Catherine McAuley was extremely particular in paying rigid attention to the manners of the sisters. Kind, gracious, dignified, and ladylike she strongly urged them to be on all occasions, saying that if they did not appear before the world as gentlewomen religion would suffer.

The death of this great and good woman was such as might have been expected from her well-spent life, and in November, 1841, she was "laid in the earth like the poor," in obedience to her own direction. She lived to see convents of the Sisters of Mercy springing up all over her beloved land. The order has been introduced in every part of the civilized world, the members numbering at present about three thousand, and during the last thirty years the poor of Ireland alone have received through this order the equivalent of three million five hundred thousand dollars, inclusive of endowments and the surplus dowries of the sisters.

Included in this biography is a very interesting sketch of Nano Nagle, an Ursuline nun, born in 1728, the reviver of education and monasticism in Ireland, who built in Cork the first convent erected there since the Reformation, and who had the courage to pursue her pious vocation at a time when the laws which made it felony for the Irish Catholic to teach or to learn were still unpealed. There can be no question of the great good to be derived from the life history of these exemplary women, whose noble aspirations, devout enthusiasm, patient suffering, and beneficent achievements have won for them an exalted place among the good and great ones of the Christian world.

ARNOLD'S LIFE OF LINCOLN.*

IT is too early to write of Mr. Lincoln and his times with the impartiality which history demands. There are some not yet ready to acknowledge the great points in his character, others unwilling to admit the existence of defects in him, though conscious that defects are found in every man. The manner of his death impresses upon us, with special force, the maxim, "Speak nothing of the dead but good." Some years hence, when the time has come for writing the history of these days, Mr. Lincoln's character, like that of every great leader in marked epochs, will be coldly and mercilessly dissected.

Mr. Arnold, a member of Congress from Mr. Lincoln's own state, having the advantage of intimacy with him, has given us not so much a biography as a sketch of the late President's connection with the emancipation of the negro. The book is a pleasant one to read, with a style that shows the author to have been intent rather on his matter than his manner. The leading events of Mr. Lincoln's administration are put together compactly and in order; and none of them are dwelt upon long enough to dull the interest of the narrative. Errors in grammatical accuracy now and then occur; but these are so gross as to prove themselves to be the result of carelessness rather than want of knowledge. The sketch given of Mr.

* *The History of Abraham Lincoln and the Overthrow of Slavery.* By Isaac N. Arnold. Chicago: Clarke & Co. 1866.

Lincoln's life up to the beginning of his political career is the merest outline; no filling up of incidents to make out a biography or to enable us to judge of the then character or the probable future character of the man. His public career is well and strikingly described. We have well-chosen specimens of his public papers and official correspondence in sufficient number to give us an insight into the character of his mind, the tone of his feelings during the trying times of the rebellion, and the reasons which prompted him to successive steps of policy.

In the light of these, Mr. Lincoln appears during the protracted trial of the war the calmest man of all who spoke and wrote in those exciting times. Whatever errors he may have committed, they were not the result of passionate impulse or want of thought. If at any time he lagged behind his more ardent advisers and friends, it was not from sloth or indifference; it was a deliberate hanging back, not purposeless. One rises from the perusal of this book with a conviction that President Lincoln was, in a much greater degree than was at the time believed, even by his party friends, the directing mind of his administration. He had the repute of being unequal to the great duty of a President, that of binding together the members of his cabinet into one harmonious body. It was a common thing to hear his administration denounced by its friends in private conversation as a six-headed administration, in which every secretary was left to manage his own department in his own way. There was a good deal of this, enough perhaps to account for the inefficient conduct of the war for the first two years. But it is apparent, we think, from Mr. Arnold's compilation of documents, that while Mr. Lincoln may have watched too little the details of administration, he took care to reserve to himself the decision of great questions and the general guidance of government policy.

We have striven, while reading this book, to divest ourselves of partisan feeling for or against Mr. Lincoln, and we do not mean here to revive the discussions of Gen. McClellan's merits or demerits as a soldier, or of his just or unjust treatment by the administration. It seems to us impossible, however, for any one now to read the correspondence between the President and Gen. McClellan, while the latter was on the Peninsula, without being convinced that Mr. Lincoln had the larger mind of the two. Nor can we go through the progressive steps leading to and ending in the Emancipation Proclamation without feeling that the government policy on this question, all the way through, was Mr. Lincoln's own policy. The utmost pressure of ardent and impulsive friends failed to hurry him toward this step until his own mind was made up; when, in his own judgment, the time had come for it, arguments against it were listened to but failed to raise before him even a doubt.

There is one part of the book which we do not like. Mr. Arnold takes pains to deny that the President indulged in coarse jokes. This is too much after the manner of Mr. Sparks's substitution of "General Putnam" for "Old Put" in one of Washington's letters. The evidence of Mr. Lincoln's habits in this respect is so abundant in the channels of general rumor that the people, whether those who are friendly or those who are unfriendly to him, are not likely to be argued out of a belief in it. They may overlook this want of good taste on his part while contemplating the qualities which go to make up his higher character, but they are no more afraid to look squarely at this fault than they are to hear of General Washington swearing most profanely at General Lee on one of the New Jersey battle-fields.

The conviction is forced upon the mind by Mr. Arnold's book that, whatever faults may be fastened upon Mr. Lincoln by the more searching processes of future history, his right to rank with the great men of the world will be established—that he was of the highest courage, calm in the midst of perils; not dependent on others for his judgments; not self-asserting, but, where he had a right to direct, always quietly taking his right; never dazzled in collision with intellects more strong than his own; and that whatever of good or of evil there was in his administration of our affairs, the merit or the demerit belongs not to those about him, but to himself.

LIBRARY TABLE.

Woodburn Grange: *A Story of English Country Life.* By William Howitt. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. 1867.—The announcement of a forthcoming novel from the able pen of William Howitt awakened pleasing expectations in the minds of all the lovers of original, earnest, and independent thought, and the perusal of the work has occasioned no disappointment. The book possesses many elements of attraction; there is in it a combination of philosophic and pictorial power, appealing alike to the reason and the imagination; suggestive reflections and pregnant hints for practical progress,

and a lofty tone of religion and morality meriting the heartiest recognition. To the author's intimate acquaintance with English rustic and provincial modes of thought, as well as to his keen perceptions and accurate and elaborate powers of description, we are indebted for some striking and highly interesting, and sometimes amusing, characters. There is nothing of the heroic or transcendental about the people in *Woodburn Grange*; they are far removed from the fashionable world, and innocent of any tendency to sensationalism; but there is a charming simplicity about them, their conversation is remarkably easy and natural, they have, with some few exceptions, a good purpose in life, and the subsidiary characters are sketched with the careful finish of a true artist who does not consider the subordinate portions of his picture unworthy his best attention. The scene of the story is laid in one of the rural districts in England, and some striking contrasts are drawn between the last descendant of a long line of illustrious ancestors and the descendant of an unbroken line of paupers. Sir Roger Rockville is only remarkable as an old-fashioned, ignorant embodiment of obsolete prejudices, constantly at war with poachers and trespassers, with none to love him while he lived, nor to mourn for him when he died. He is the representative of a class which are happily becoming every day more rare; advanced civilization is replacing them by such men as, somewhat later in the story, Sir Emanuel Clavering is described to be; a baronet of ancient lineage, highly cultivated, benevolent, and affable, conscious of his own rights and scrupulously careful to avoid infringing upon the rights of others. The character is not a strong one, but commands the respect of the community and ensures a welcome in society. The second chapter introduces us to a class of persons whose precise position will probably strike many of our readers with astonishment. They belong to a race of hereditary paupers who have maintained an uninterrupted descent from the reign of Elizabeth till the present time, regarding their position as no disgrace and claiming their weekly stipend as their just patrimony:

"Those who imagine that all paupers merely claimed parish relief because the law ordained it, commit a great error. There were numbers who were hereditary paupers, on a higher principle even than hereditary peers, and that on a tradition carefully handed down, that they were only manfully claiming their own. They traced their claims from the most ancient feudal times. They were none of your modern manufacturers, the offspring of wretched political necessities. They came down from the times when the lord was as much bound to maintain his *villain* in gross as the *villain* was to work for the lord. These paupers were in fact, or claimed to be, the original *adscripti glebe*, and to have as sound a claim to parish support as the landed proprietor had to his land."

From this stock arose one Simon Deg, who, by honest industry, became the richest man in Castleborough, and resolving that, however the brand of pauperism might attach to his progenitors, none of its obligations should rest upon him, he had the pay-books of the three parishes of the town for eighty years diligently searched, and finding that the sum received by persons of the name of Deg amounted to several thousands of pounds, he paid the full amount over to the respective committees presiding over parish affairs, and took their receipts for the same. His after career is worthy of so good a beginning. He lives to reap the benefit of a well-spent life, and to see his townsmen rise to a better social condition and to the enjoyment of the blessings of education and prosperity mainly through his exertions.

The life at *Woodburn Grange* and its surroundings is simple, natural, and yet exceedingly interesting. Nowhere can we find a more agreeable picture of a country home, and no author knows better than Mr. Howitt the varied forms of expression, the peculiar habits of thought, the differences in religious opinion, and the strange inconsistencies that invariably distinguish society in rural districts. Assuredly the author has contrived to draw together a very charming circle. Mrs. Woodburn is a model wife, worthy to be the helpmate of Leonard Woodburn, the wealthy owner of a beautiful estate comprising four hundred acres of highly cultivated land, and who, claiming no connection with any of the old or great families of the country, might be classed under the ancient name of yeoman. "He could not," says the author, "at that time of day, have been addressed by letter as esquire, though every man who is not exactly a sweep or a cormorant is so now."

"Mrs. Woodburn was a fine, large, comely woman, who though as well educated as the ladies generally of her day, and fond of hearing books read in winters' evenings rather than reading them herself, had her heart and pride in her house and her wifely duties, cheese-making, looking after her fowls, her eggs, her calves, her pigs and pigeons, her ducks, geese, turkeys, guinea-fowls; her fruit, both of garden and orchard, storing it up or preserving it—these were the great business of her daily life and afforded her a perpetual satisfaction. It was a real delight to see Mrs. Woodburn amid her daily duties of this kind, and her handsome, sunny, smiling face, and tall and ample but active figure directing her maids, or helping them in an emergency; or to instruct a novice, kneeling on a soft base, leaning over the side of the large brass pan, with her fair, full, and finely rounded arms, bared to near the shoulder, crushing down the curd in the whey, or crumbling it and pressing it into the vat."

Of a higher type is Rebecca Heritage, the wife of the wealthy Quaker banker of Castleborough:

"She is not very tall, she is not very short, she is not very thin, nor very stout; but she is fair, very fair, yet with dark hair neatly laid back from the centre of the forehead, under a very white and very plain Quaker cap. A silk gown she becomes—pale, very dove-like silk; a white muslin handkerchief covers her shoulders and bosom, and shows her hair and features. Her nose is perfect. Her eyes blue-gray, large and thoughtful. Her forehead is broad and ample, and, in a word, she looks like a grave and comely duchess dressed up for a female friend in a domestic theatrical. In that noble face—in that smooth, soft, yet healthy face, where no approach to a wrinkle, one thinks, would ever dare to come—there is a thought, a spirit, a fire—yes, a fire, even in the calm that rules all in that tranquil aspect. Depend upon it, Rebecca Heritage is no common woman. She is like one of those women friends who used to enter Whitehall and tell the king-destroyer Cromwell, or the laughing, reckless Charles the Second, in tones that made them still as children, of the oppression of the saints which they were perpetrating, of the foul and hideous dungeons in which they were holding those whose only crime was a religion of peace. There! If you want the picture of a mother in Israel—of a brave, self-pos-

sessed, yet loving and large-hearted woman—send for a painter, and let him portray Rebecca Heritage."

This is the most powerful character in the book, but we must acknowledge that moral worth and beauty rather than force seem suited to the author's style, which, however, is by no means devoid of humor, as the reader will find when he makes the acquaintance of Betty Traps, or with the long-headed schoolmaster, the great "scoldard," who lays down in his *Book of Etiquette for Boys* this rule: "At any remark of the respected lady or gentleman, incline your head with a graceful dignity, and scrape backward with your left foot."

With the spirit in which the book is written all sensible people must heartily sympathize. Mr. Howitt is a sincere and ardent advocate of the rights of the working classes, but his good taste and sound judgment make him steer clear of those dangerous theories—which for want of a more appropriate name are termed utopian—which only serve to breed a spirit of discontent and make the poor man think whatever is, is wrong; which, without indicating any practical or reasonable means of ameliorating his condition, only result in widening the breach between the worker and his employer, and give rise to a perpetual struggle to do as little work as possible on the one hand, and to pay as little for it as possible on the other. Mr. Howitt shows plainly that a recognition of the rights of the laboring man is demanded by the advanced spirit of the time, and that with wisdom and moderation those rights may be accorded without detriment to a position which is intrinsically one of mutual dependence and obligation.

Kaloolah; or, the Adventures of Jonathan Romer, of Nantucket. By W. S. Mayo, M.D. New York: G. P. Putnam & Son. 1867.—The universal commendation bestowed upon *Kaloolah* on its first production, some eighteen years ago, is a sufficient warrant for its republication at the present time; and those who remember the pleasure then derived from its perusal will gladly greet the reappearance of an old friend, while to the younger portions of the reading public who have exhausted the marvellous creations of Cervantes and De Foe it will furnish a source of interest and amusement. The details of pleasant wanderings and perilous adventures in the deserts of Africa and the hitherto unvisited countries south of the Soudan are given with distinctness and variety, with a nice appreciation of all that is beautiful in nature, sufficient dramatic power to give the scenes described an air of reality, and with a goodly admixture of humor. Whether founded wholly or in part on actual experience, or whether—like the story with which they are interwoven—the achievements of Jonathan Romer are purely imaginary, is a matter of very little consequence; they are very entertaining, and that to most readers is quite sufficient. When, at the age of fourteen, Jonathan leaves home for school, and his mother, in addition to a Bible and other indispensable articles, puts a shroud in his trunk in case of need, we may be pretty sure that the young gentleman is fully prepared for anything which may happen, and therefore we are not surprised at his coolness while engaging in the most dangerous enterprises, or his cheerfulness in accepting shipwrecks as things inevitable. After his first disaster at sea he is rescued by a vessel which he discovers to be a slave, and soon after reaching his destination he purchases Kaloolah and her brother from a Congo merchant. Kaloolah is not of the negro race, but a white girl, the daughter of the King of the Framazugs. Embarking with the girl and her brother on board of the *Bonito*, Jonathan has a serious quarrel with one Monte, an officer—the vessel is pursued by a British cruiser—Jonathan, Monte, Kaloolah, and her brother jump overboard, and are rescued by the brig and carried to Sierra Leone, of which he gives a glowing description. Here Jonathan takes leave of Kaloolah and her brother, and it is arranged that they should proceed to their own kingdom, where, after a flying visit to his native country, he promises to join them. Mr. Romer embarks for Liverpool on a ship which seemed to be conducted in a manner altogether peculiar. One evening when the vessel was going very slowly he heard the mate say after heaving the log, "Seven knots and a half!" at which Jonathan expresses some surprise.

"Oh yes, sir," replied the old sailor whom I have mentioned, "he is going that—here, and he put his finger to his eye, and nodded his head towards the mate, who had stretched himself out for a doze upon the hencoop. 'Some craft sail very fast, sir, with three sheets in the wind. What they don't go ahead is made up in the spinning round.'"

"Let us try a cast of the log," said I; and, calling one of the boys to relieve him at the wheel, the old man held the reel for me. The marks upon the line indicated a rate of about four miles and a half."

"Not so much out of the way as I thought," said the old man. "Only three miles. That's nothing to some of the captain's guesses. I shouldn't be at all surprised to see the skipper put her any time dead to windward at the rate of twenty miles an hour. According to the rule of mathematics that he uses sometimes, he could do it just as easy as he could say 'How do you do?' to the bottom of an empty rum-bottle."

"And what rule may that be?" I enquired.

"A rule in compound addition and multiplication, sir. It's simple enough, but 'taint every one who can work it like he can. He adds his own particular leeway to the leeway of this lubberly old tub; throws in her way through the water, and multiplies the sum by the number of horns he took before breakfast. The product is the number of knots that we've cheated the wind out of."

"And by such a rule, how long will it be before we reach Liverpool?"

"The Lord knows, sir. If the skipper has many sober fits, we may box about the ocean a long time; but if, by good luck, he should keep himself dead drunk the whole voyage, and he did come out, we shall have a chance to hit our port and float in."

Of course the vessel is wrecked, and Jonathan swims ashore, where he has some rough encounters with Bedouin Arabs, and after numerous difficulties and narrow escapes he encounters Kaloolah, who has likewise experienced strange vicissitudes. With her he proceeds to the capital of the Fellatah dominions, where Kaloolah's wardrobe is replenished, and on resuming their journey they are in danger of being devoured by a lion, but providentially escape through the intervention of a bon con-

strictor. This event occurs about the middle of the narrative, and the interest is well sustained until the close.

Remarks on Classical and Utilitarian Studies, read before the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. By Jacob Bigelow, M.D., late President of the Academy. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1867.—Dr. Bigelow has published in this pamphlet a very able lecture wherein he marshals, with considerable force and perspicuity, the arguments in favor of the study of exact science and modern in preference to ancient languages and literature. He deems that "it may seem presumptuous to question a belief which has prevailed in the learned world for many centuries, and on which both labor and erudition have been lavishly bestowed. But the transitional state of opinion in regard to prominent intellectual pursuits, and especially the requirements of our own progressive and original people, may justify any attempt to indicate the channel in which the tide of human energy and progress is henceforth apparently destined to flow." Dr. Bigelow's arguments are mainly well put, and, granting his premises, his conclusions are logically reached. But it seems to us that in common with most similar propositions the issue is imperfectly stated. If the alternative were presented for all to study the classics exclusively, or all other branches of knowledge exclusively, there would be little difference of opinion as to the expedient choice. No such alternative is, however, in point of fact presented. In the majority of instances a tolerable knowledge may be gained in both directions. We need not all be classical scholars any more than we all need be tailors, or bakers, or doctors. If from the circumstances of his position—the need for getting all his schooling in, say, a couple of years—a lad is constrained to make a selection, let him by all means eschew the classics and stick to mathematics and modern languages. But that there is such a case, or ten thousand such, is no reason for throwing Latin and Greek overboard altogether. Some will still have the time and the means to bestow upon studies which have so vast a claim upon our race; and it is to be hoped to forever prevent them from falling into desuetude. If it should be absolutely necessary to make an exclusive choice we should not hesitate, we repeat, to give in our own adhesion to the anti-classical one; but we do not see that we have yet got to such a pass; and if there is more now in the modern curriculum which should be studied than formerly, what with the increase of wealth and educational facilities and the improvements of machinery, there is or should be more time, generally speaking, to devote to them. While commending, therefore, the power and thought displayed by Dr. Bigelow in this lecture, we are unable altogether to accompany him to his conclusions.

The Life of Jesus, according to his original biographers. By Edmund Kirke, author of *Among the Pines*, etc. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1867.—"This little volume has grown up in the following manner: Some years since, to acquire a more connected view of the life of Christ than can be gained by a separate reading of the four evangelists, the writer made, for his private perusal, a monstrosity of the four Gospels, arranging them so as to relate the same event only once, but to include all the teachings and all the historical circumstances in one narrative." Such is Mr. Edmund Kirke's explanation of a work which we might otherwise have thought one of supererogation. It is a transcript aiming to be more synoptical than either of the Gospels alone, and succeeding. The book seems to be written in a reverential spirit, and for those who can see its necessity may be harmless, if not especially useful. It is particularly nicely printed and to the publisher is a very creditable production.

THE MAGAZINES.

It would generally savor of extravagance to speak of any periodical as having attained perfection, but it is not too much to say of *The Art Journal*—published, in this country, by Messrs. Virtue & Yonston—that we can scarcely imagine an improvement that could be made in it. The faultlessness of its fine steel line-engravings, as well as of its wood-cut copies from the best English and continental artists and specimens from the handsomest books, is matched by the admirable selection and quality of the letter-press on all topics connected with Art—for the benefit of artist, student, and artisan, as well as amateur—while in this respect, as well as in the beauty of its illustrations, no one work that we know of makes more attractive additions to the study or the drawing-room. The larger steel engravings, three in number, are usually two of them copies in line-engraving from paintings of high merit and one from some sculptural work. In the February number, however, they are Ward's "James II. Receiving News of the Landing of the Prince of Orange," the fourth of Doré's illustrations of *Elaine*, being the scene where Sir Lancelot is narrating his adventures in the Castle of Astolat, and an admirable group of children in a painting by Le Jeune entitled "The Ept." During a part of this year the sculpture illustrations are to give place to supplements illustrative of the articles contributed to the Paris Exhibition. The first of these is to appear with the April number, consisting of some 100 engravings, which will fill 28 pages, considerably enlarging the size of *The Journal*. Elaborate articles in every department of art and mediævalism, passing reviews of events of moment in the artistic world, memoirs of eminent artists, exhaustive essays on the progress of science as connected with art, are among the features which may be looked for in each number. Especially noteworthy are Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall's *Memories of the Authors of the Age*, of which one on Sidney Smith was given in the January, and one on Horace and James Smith in the February number. Already their large acquaintance has enabled them to give papers on Wordsworth, Tom Moore, Coleridge, Southey, Leigh Hunt, Hood, Mrs. Hemans, Letitia Elizabeth Landon,

William Lisle Bowles, Crabbe, Maria Edgeworth, Montgomery, Ebenezer Elliott, Allan Cunningham, Charles Lamb, Sydney Lady Morgan, Amelia Opie, Hannah More, Professor Wilson, Hogg, Mary Russell Mitford, Campbell, and Theodore Hook. Those of whom they have still to speak are mainly either persons of lesser note or with whom their acquaintance was slighter. Among these are Jane and Anna Maria Porter, Samuel Rogers, Mrs. Hofland, Sheridan Knowles, Bernard Barton, Walter Savage Landor, Lady Blessington, John Banim, and Gerald Griffin—of some of whom we know too little.

The March *Atlantic* contains much capital reading. Beside the poetry, which has all or nearly all been reprinted in the newspapers, there are capital articles by Agassiz, Parton, Howells, a story of very exceptional excellence by Henry James, Jr., an anonymous article on *The Derivation of Man from the Monkey*, which too labored an attempt to make funny renders coarse and stupid and will prevent not a few readers from seeing the direction in which the satire is meant to work. Dr. Holmes's *Guardian Angel*, however, deserves its place of honor; calculated to exasperate canting clerics and their weekly organs to frenzy by its delineations of the Calvinistic over-righteousness of two horrible haridians, it might impart a very useful lesson to the insufferably good people if they could content themselves with a legitimate application instead of a self-righteous reprehension of what their logic considers "scolding." We pass over these articles lightly in order to speak of what the newspapers would call a new "feature." This is *The Atlantic Miscellany*, which precedes the advertising pages, being paged distinctly from them and surmounted by an ornate heading representing a collection of magazines, four of which only have legible titles, and these on inspection appear to be those of Messrs. Ticknor & Fields's periodicals. Apparently we have here an entertaining literary miscellany, and the reader will doubtless skim a page or two before he realizes that he has been entrapped into a more egregious organ for puffery of the publishers' books than even their department of *Reviews* has come to be. On examination he will find that fifteen out of the twenty paragraphs consist of puffs of their publications; among these we confess ourselves, if not surprised, somewhat amused, to find an appropriation from THE ROUND TABLE accredited, in the manner of country editors, to "a contemporary;" but the most noticeable paragraph reads as follows:

"EVERY SATURDAY AND LONDON SOCIETY.—In consequence of arrangements made with foreign publishers, the conductors of *Every Saturday* are enabled to reproduce the choicest papers from many of the English periodicals almost simultaneously with their publication abroad. The best articles in each month's issue of *London Society*, for instance, always appear in this journal several days before the magazine can be obtained here. *London Society* seldom contains more than two or three papers of any interest to American readers, and these are at once placed before the public in the pages of *Every Saturday*."

The fact here recorded is, we imagine, generally considered scandalous enough without the exhibition of the taste manifested by blazoning it. Not a few English authors have apologized for our national dereliction in the matter of the international copyright by alleging the existence of an honorable respect among American publishers for each others' property. Here, however, we see one house buying the right to reprint a magazine, and before it can produce it all the "papers of any interest to American readers" are at once "stolen and placed before the public" in a paste-pot weekly belonging to an envious and rival establishment. We have no sympathy with people who adopt piratical publishing in any form, but in this case the evil is aggravated by an ostentatious boast of an act which, though not legally punishable, appears to us morally indistinguishable from picking a pocket. Even this one of Oliver Twist's comrades might have narrated amid applause at the residence of Mr. Fagin; but if he had attempted it in polite society and in the presence of his victim, the reception of his confidence would have been more instructive and less enthusiastic.

The *Presbyterian and Theological Review*, the powerful organ of the religious body designated in its title, entered upon its fifth volume with the present year. Its chief editor is Professor H. B. Smith, of the Union Theological Seminary, one of the foremost writers and thinkers of the country. Recommended by the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church (Philadelphia, 1863), and enriched by the writings of many of the ablest individuals of that persuasion in America, *The Presbyterian and Theological Review* occupies a position of signal credit and wide influence. The January number is accompanied by the promise of adequate future effort to maintain the high standard already set up, and the names which appear with the pledge are a guarantee of its fulfillment. Rev. Mr. Sherwood, Prof. Smith's associate, is also editor of *Hours at Home*. The articles of this number are marked by vigor and elegance, and although in our judgment the article on *The President and Congress*, lucid and instructive as it is, is somewhat too bitter and partisan at times, it will be read with much interest, and it must be allowed that the *Review* is carefully edited in every department. It is published by William Sherwood, of 654 Broadway, New York.

The *Congregational Review*—a quarterly which is devoted to the theology and polity of Congregationalism, was formerly known as *The Boston Review*, and with the January number before us enters upon its seventh year. Its articles are characterized by no little strength and ability, while there is a temperateness about most of them which to some sectarian organs is unfortunately a stranger. The literary notices are discriminatingly and thoughtfully written if, perhaps, necessarily tinted with the religious opinions whereof the *Review* is the avowed advocate, and the artistic and miscellaneous notes are carefully prepared. Most of the twelve articles in the present number are of a theological type, and are the productions of well known clergymen. An exception appears in an interesting and appreciative paper on the

Rev. Mr. Ward's *Life of Percival*. This *Review* represents a very numerous, intelligent, and cultivated portion of the community, and displays sufficient ability to command, in our opinion, an extensive circulation and a weighty influence. It is published in Boston at 13 Cornhill, and its senior editor is Dr. Barrows.

The *Westminster Review* for January—the American reprint of which we have received from the publishers—contains eight articles of importance, besides its customary department of *Contemporary Literature*. The articles on the Ladies' Petition—presented by Mr. Mill to the House of Commons in June of last year—Social Reform in England and Reform and Reformers may be mentioned as, perhaps, most interesting to the bulk of American readers. There are, however, some highly interesting theological and philosophical reviews, including one on Bishop Colenso's *Natal Sermons*, M. Guizot's *Meditations*, and the Duke of Argyll's *Reign of Law*. A commendatory notice of Mr. John Day's *Political Situation in the United States* will attract attention, as will also that of Mr. Whitelaw Reid's *After the War*. Mr. Charles Reade's *Griffith Gaunt* is briefly commented upon, and his "wonderful aphoristic sentences" strike the commentator "as if Tupper had taken to novel writing." The following extract illustrates the reviewer's summary:

"Mr. Reade is a most difficult author to review. If a critic ventures to differ from him he writes nearly another novel in the shape of a letter. Now, we have no room in *The Westminster Review* for letters from angry authors. It is quite enough for us to review an author's book without entering into any controversy with him. And a very pretty controversy is just now raging between Mr. Reade and some of his critics. Mr. Reade calls his present novel 'his masterpiece,' whilst some of his critics call it an abortion. Mr. Reade declares it floated *The Argosy*; his critics retort that it is a plagiarism. We have no wish to enter into this controversy, but must leave Mr. Reade and his critics to fight it out between themselves. . . . Mr. Reade's style is certainly his own, whatever his plot may be. He possesses undoubted vigor, but it is coarse; undoubted wit, but it is acrid; and undoubted dramatic power, but it is inartistic. He probably describes a boat-race or a chase at sea with greater power than any living novelist. But life is something more than a boat-race or fierce chases at sea. Whenever delicacy, poetry, and feeling are required, then Mr. Reade fails."

BOOKS RECEIVED.

D. AFFLETON & Co., New York.—Berlin and Sans Souci; or, Frederick the Great and His Friends. Translated from the German of L. Mühlbach. By Mrs. Chapman Coleman and her daughters. Pp. 391. 1867.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia.—New America. By Wm. Hepworth Dixon. Pp. 495. 1867.

The Christian Hymnal. By Rev. Frank Sewall. Pp. 240. 1867.

Three Years in Field Hospitals of the Army of the Potomac. By Mrs. H. Pp. 131. 1867.

Select Historical Memoirs of the Religious Society of Friends, commonly called Quakers. By William Hodgson. Pp. 413. 1867.

T. B. PETERSON & Bros., Philadelphia.—Our Mutual Friend. By Charles Dickens. With forty-two original illustrations by Marcus Stone. Pp. 354. 1867.

WILLIAM V. SPENCER, Boston.—Joubert. Some of the Thoughts of Joseph Joubert. Translated by Geo. H. Calvert. Pp. 163. 1867.

PAMPHLETS, ETC.

WILLIAM V. SPENCER, Boston.—Max Overmann. Pp. 64. 1867.

AMERICAN NEWS CO., New York.—Trade Circular. Pp. 37. 1867.

We have also received current issues of *The Art Journal*, *Riverside Magazine*, *Catholic World*, *Phrenological Journal*, *Old Guard*, *Beadle's Monthly*, *London Society*—New York; *Belgravia*—London; *Our Young Folks*, *Atlantic Monthly*—Boston; *Ladies' Pearl*—Nashville; and *Crescent Monthly*—New Orleans.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

The Editors of THE ROUND TABLE, desirous of encouraging bold and free discussion, do not exact of their correspondents an agreement with their own views; they, therefore, beg to state that they do not hold themselves responsible for what appears under this heading, as they do for the editorial expression of their opinions.

A PRIZE "GENTLEMAN."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: Mr. Leonard W. Jerome is known to the common vulgar as a person of large means and somewhat ubiquitous turn of mind. From time to time the fact has disclosed itself to them, through the medium of the public prints, that Mr. Jerome possessed a liberal fancy for horse-flesh. They wondered—not, perhaps, without envy—at the detailed munificence of "Jerome Park," at Mr. Jerome's princely turn-out in the pictorial papers, at the accounts of performances at his private theatre; and they recently learned, with still greater astonishment and awe, that the proprietor of all these splendours proposed to ride four-in-hand *à la cirque*, on a wager, round his own racing course—a feat which, much to their regret, was for some cause eventually hushed up. But the sensation of these items of intelligence, which must have filled the soul of the world's pedestrians with equal longing and surprise, had hardly subsided, when Mr. Jerome's largesse took a new and still more remarkable form; opening his check-book, he dedicated \$5,000 to make an annual prize "gentleman" out of a member of the senior class at Nassau Hall, whose title to the tribute is to be decided by the suffrage of his classmates. The most scrupulous and reverent moralist, who had proposed to himself to abjure the pomps and vanities to which Mr. Jerome was reputed to be addicted, must have been softened at this beneficence into partial oblivion of the previous endowment of a race-track, the patronage of private and unorthodox Thespian displays, or even the late projected eccentricity, suggestive of saw-dust and silk "tights." At any rate, the dons of Princeton, after due deliberation, no doubt, graciously accepted the guardianship of the aforesaid fund, and have instituted, *pro forma*, the "gentleman's" medal for competition among future

aspirants to that distinction who are to receive their humanities at that ancient and reputable seat of learning.

The public, having no insight into the discussions which may have arisen among the members of the faculty over this unparalleled species of annuity, are left to ingenious conjecture as to what the process of reasoning may have been by which this extraordinary reward of merit was adopted in the category of college honors. These men, for the most part, to the personal knowledge of the writer, have spent their lives in the secure and tranquil retreats of science, having dedicated their days to religious pursuits and the education of youth. They furnish among themselves—in which no one would be inclined to make any invidious distinction—abundant examples of the true gentleman. The conception of the abstract qualities of a "gentleman" may be as lucid to them as the doctrine of predestination or the resolution of the nebular hypothesis, but erring humanity at large has viewed this idea in a variety of lights from time to time, and may be said even yet to have no formal, distinct, or unanimous opinion on the subject. Mr. Jerome has taken care, however, to give the cue to the decision of the question, and lays down the formula that the recipient of his medal should be distinguished chiefly by his "regard for the feelings of others," and so far undoubtedly stands upon the most catholic principle of gentlemanhood the world over. It would, nevertheless, to one having a personal acquaintance with the *dramatis personæ*, have been as fine a farce as ever was performed at Mr. Jerome's private theatre in Manhattan Belgravia to have heard the discussion contemporary big-wigs of Nassau Hall, with due gravity, may have had upon the ethical and metaphysical properties of "a first gentleman of his class." There is a grave humor in such a topic which might drive moral philosophy to consult the elegant aphorisms of Chesterfield or didactic theology to stand upon the polite principles of Turveydrop!

The test question, after all, by which in the opinion of his fellows the "first gentleman of his class" is to receive his moral ticket-of-leave in the shape of a medal for his *superior* "regard for the feelings of others," may invest him with very imperfect credentials, in the long run, to

—bear without abuse
The grand old name of gentleman."

There is an especial danger to his title in the vast contrariety of opinion among mankind as to what a "gentleman" is, or ought to be. If a pretender to this distinction is poor, ten to one his medal would not help him to the society, for example, in which Mr. Jerome may move. If politeness be his only passport, he may be privately tripped up in some shabby trick, like many a model "gentleman" before, and the known possession of his medal made the occasion of decidedly unpleasant commentary, etc., etc. "Depotment," experience has shown, will hardly make a man a gentleman, though it may vote him a medal. George IV., we have been frequently informed, was called "the first gentleman of Europe" by the common herd; the satirists say he was a beast. Beau Brummel, D'Orsay, and Chesterfield are, *par excellence*, among the world's fine gentlemen—especially the world of flunkydrom. There are notable examples, like St. Paul, Shakespeare, Bayard, Sidney, Washington, Charles Lamb, Hawthorne, and Washington Irving that come within an enlarged definition of the term [*sic* Calvert]; but it is doubtful whether any of these would have relished the notion of being labelled with Mr. Jerome's medal. To pursue the matter to its obvious conclusion, a premium upon super-excellence of such a kind is a rank absurdity, against whose adoption a man having pride in his *Alma Mater* feels very much like entering his protest. The only test of a "gentleman" which will stand fire is the golden rule itself; and how, pray, would the doctors of divinity of Princeton College look upon the endowment of a premium upon the man who should be voted by his classmates the best Christian of his year? What would they say to the idea of a senior wrangler in humility and holiness?

I can heartily sympathize with the desire to elevate the *esprit du corps* of college life into a just and general recognition of gentlemanly conduct; there are few, indeed, who cannot feel an inspiration in the spirit of the refrain of one who put into the minds of youth the petition,

"Be each, pray God, a gentleman."

But I take it upon myself to declare the method proposed in the Jerome scheme of mending college ways to be puerile in character and snobbish in taste—repulsive, indeed, to the elect, in whom the "elements" may be "so mixed" that "nature" has given him the wearing of her own badge of Gentleman. By no such process will "gentlemen" at college be increased in numbers.

FARMING, FEBRUARY, 1867.

[The gist of this matter, which has drawn forth such various criticism, appears to us to lie in a nutshell. Mr. Jerome's experience—on which he has a right to depend—has led him to recognize a certain social deficiency which, very benevolently and patriotically, he seeks to supply. Mr. Peabody thinks a given town needs literary pabulum; he presents it with a library. Mr. Jerome thinks the community needs gentlemen; he establishes a fund to create them. Both are quite right and deserve gratitude rather than ridicule or reproach.]

MESSRS. BEADLE'S DEAD LETTER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: We beg to thank you for prefacing your remarks in THE ROUND TABLE of the 13th inst. upon the subject

of an international copyright between Great Britain and America with a courteous notice of our letter to the editor of *The Athenæum* in answer to Mr. Beadle's attack upon us for using *The Dead Letter*. It is with pleasure we record your treatment of us as being uniform with the courtesy we have invariably received in our communications with all American publishers, Messrs. Beadle alone excepted.

Those gentlemen have thought fit to follow up their attack by a letter which appears in *The Athenæum* of the 26th, couched in terms so offensive and so unlike those in use amongst gentlemen on this side of the Atlantic that we should have allowed it to pass unnoticed if it had not dealt with a subject touching upon interests which affect the British and American nations at large. The question as between Messrs. Beadle and ourselves lies in a nutshell. They claim property in this country in a tale written by an American author and first published in the United States. We simply deny that they have any property in it here; and in a letter from us which appears in *The Athenæum* of this day we point to the striking fact that an author or publisher owning a valuable possession in the shape of a copyright on one side of the Atlantic has no more property or right of control over it on the other side than the merest stranger, and that, such being the case, it is idle for English and American publishers to be bandying words as to the act and form of appropriation. For so long as America elects to refuse copyright in the United States to the works of the authors of Great Britain, American publishers must submit to their productions being treated as public property in the same way as works of which the copyright has expired.

May we venture to ask you to afford us space in your journal for a few remarks upon the broad question whether it is to the interest of the American nation to refuse an international copyright convention.

Setting aside the question (by no means an unimportant one) of principle and honesty and the promotion of peace and good-will between the two countries, let us endeavor to see whether America gains or loses by the mutual piracy which at present exists.

1. It cannot be denied that American authors are at a very great disadvantage by reason of their market being narrowed. Take, for instance, such men as Webster and Longfellow, countless editions of whose works find a ready sale in the English market without bringing the slightest remuneration to the authors themselves, to whom it may be well said that every reader who speaks the English language is indebted. This must necessarily operate as a very great discouragement to American talent to invest itself in authorship, and consequently America has a smaller number of great authors than she would otherwise possess.

2. And how stands the case with American publishers? It is true they procure the literary work of English authors free of cost; but although they start with that advantage it is well known that the cost of mechanical production and taxation in America is so great that English publishers can, in spite of the heavy import duties upon English books, compete successfully in the American market in the sale of their own works.

3. Then how does the present state of things affect the general American public? Does it give them books at a lower cost than if an international copyright existed? Certainly not. For the larger the area over which a copyright is extended the lower the price at which a book could be published. If an American copyright were extended over the area of the British Empire, it is obvious that American publishers could afford to offer their books in the market thus secured to them at a price infinitely lower than that at which their present restricted area compels them to keep it up. Given a sufficient area, the lower the price the greater the certainty of a remunerative sale. Experience tells us that it is far more remunerative to sell 10,000 copies of a book at two shillings than 1,000 at five shillings.

In venturing to call the attention of the American public to what seems to us to be the practical common sense view of the question, we may take occasion to say that our remarks may be well separated from any mere personal interest we may be supposed to have in the matter. The works produced by our house are for the most part fine-art books, and as such cannot be reproduced by American publishers without incurring a cost which would preclude their finding a remunerative sale in their own market.

We direct attention rather to the broad view of the case; for, although we have confined ourselves as closely as possible to its commercial aspect, no one who looks closely at the matter will fail to see that out of an international copyright convention there would necessarily arise many elements which go to make up a hearty desire for the maintenance of a true moral union between the two countries.

We are, sir, your obedient servants,

CASSELL, PETER & GALPIN.

LA BELLE SAUVAGEY YARD, Ludgate Hill, E. C.,
London, February 9, 1867.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE.

Without any reference to the merits or otherwise of our controversy with Messrs. Cassell, of London, regarding their use of our *Dead Letter* romance, permit us to say that the headings to our communications to *The London Athenæum* were not our own, but were placed over the several notes by the editors of *The Athenæum*. "Literary pirates" and "shop thief!" certainly are not courteous terms, and are such as we do not care to adopt. As you have referred to the matter, and characterized our first communication as a "by no means civil" letter, we state

this much to correct what otherwise must prove a wrong impression of our feeling in the matter.

Yours,
BEADLE & COMPANY.

118 WILLIAM ST., N. Y.

LITERARIANA.

THE Junius question will probably never cease to break out in newspaper discussions until somebody manages to prove absolutely that Junius was Sir Philip Francis, unless indeed it can be proven that he was somebody else. Last fall, it will be remembered, in the progress of the English royal scandal case, it was argued that Dr. Wilmot wrote them in order to force George III. to attest the legitimacy of Olive Wilmot's marriage and of her child. Sir Philip Francis, however, is the favorite candidate; Dr. R. L. Smith's recollection, as published in *The New Orleans Times*, of a letter once in this country, from Francis to Woodfall, was pretty conclusively shown by one of our correspondents to appear incorrect as soon as we compared dates; there was, nevertheless, enough in the letter to show how valuable it might be if it could be recovered. Within a few days Mr. Thurlow Weed has published a reply to an interrogatory in *Notes and Queries* which seems to afford a hope that the evidence for Francis's authorship—which Macaulay, in his *Warren Hastings* essay, says, "rests on coincidences sufficient to convict a murderer"—may yet be made conclusive. From the query and Mr. Weed's reply it appears that in 1862, while Mr. John Taylor, author of *Junius Identified*, was preparing for the press some papers of Sir Philip Francis, with the expectation of setting the mystery at rest, Mr. Weed wrote from London to *The Albany Journal* that "before the present year expires all doubt or question as to the authorship of the *Junius Letters* will be removed." Mr. Weed's reply says that the age of Mr. Taylor, who is now dead, had induced him to commit to Mr. Joseph Parkes his possessed different documents of Francis and Woodfall, and he was at the time of "T. W.'s" first announcement concluding a *Life of Sir Philip Francis*, of which he showed the MS. to Mr. Weed, who was convinced that it left no room for "a doubt, or a cavil, or a peradventure." This work he expected to get to press in the ensuing autumn, and Mr. Weed was to have had it republished here. Mr. Parkes, however, died, and although his daughter, Miss Bessie Parkes, is a well known and gifted writer, and was expected to conclude it, nothing more has been heard of the nearly finished book on which years had been expended. Since the book fails us, it is to be hoped that Mr. Weed may be induced to explain wherein it so impressed him, and what new evidence it gave as to Francis's authorship.

We are gratified to see that the papers of our accomplished correspondent Mr. Moon are having a not altogether unanticipated effect in stimulating an interest in philological subjects which finds expression in the more thoughtful periodicals throughout the country. Mr. Grant White has begun a series of articles in *The Galaxy* which promise to be interesting and instructive, and other able writers will, we are told, follow his example in other channels. The subject is one which deserves all the attention it is likely to receive, and it is satisfactory to find evidences that it is not thought so unattractively dry as some of our friends were disposed at the outset to apprehend. There is peculiar danger, in view of the high pressure and rapidity of American life, of our falling into slipshod and inaccurate habits of writing and speaking, and that competent experts should from time to time correct such a tendency by exact and dependable criticism and suggestion is highly important and desirable.

MR. HOWARD CHALLEN, of Philadelphia, has supplied a want that has long been felt and complained of by the regular publication of *The Uniform Trade List Circular*. The trouble to individuals of procuring the lists of the different publishers was so great as to render it almost impossible to be able to refer with certainty to the title, author, size, binding, and price of books published in this country. Moreover, a collection which would give the information was cumbersome and, from the different sizes and shapes in which the publishers' lists are issued, inconvenient. With this month's number is completed the first volume, which will be revised to contain all additions, and published as a book of some 300 pages, and similar volumes will be issued with each sixth number. To every one connected with whatever department of the book-trade Mr. Challen's *Circular* must be indispensable, as well as to many who desire for their own satisfaction to be *au fait* in the doings of the American publishing world.

THE publishing house of Wm. B. Smith & Co., Raleigh, N. C., which published several periodicals, has failed.

COLONEL HEROS VON BORCKE is certainly one of the most troublesome of the persons who figure in modern literature. On his first appearance in *Blackwood* our newspapers satisfactorily demonstrated that he was a myth. After a while came the assurance of two of our correspondents that they had known him personally, and that he was a very substantial—in fact, gigantic—piece of flesh and blood, and some of our English contemporaries corroborated the statement. Then his book on *The Confederate War* was published with a preface in which the author accounted for the delay in its appearance by stating that he had been fighting for his native country, Prussia, and had been in battle at Königgrätz. Now, however, *The Mobile Times* learns "from a reliable source" that he was "killed at the battle of Sadowa," and proceeds to give his obituary and describe how he was drowned, like Poniatowski, by the fatigue of his "charger." Now, since Königgrätz, Sadowa, and, for the matter of that, Sadowa, signify the same battle, we find this irrepressible knight errant describing in his preface the battle in which he was killed—a slight discre-

pancy which the Messrs. Blackwood and the reliable informant of *The Mobile Times* would do well to reconcile. As we have had occasion to refer to him somewhat frequently, we quote from the obituary in *The Times* this account of the pre-fabulous part of his life:

"The Christian name of Col. Von Borcke was Ferdinand, but his daring courage in several private and public engagements had gained for him, amongst the fiery youth of the Prussian aristocracy, the surname of 'Heros,' or the 'Heroic.' He was the descendant of one of the noblest families of Germany, and son of Baron Von Borcke, of Castle Berneuchen, in Mecklenburg, one of the wealthiest men of the land. On the breaking out of hostilities in Germany, he at once repaired to Berlin and tendered his service to that army where he had already served with distinction. But impatient of the delays interposed in his restoration to his former rank, Col. Von Borcke, like many other illustrious officers of still higher rank, enlisted as a volunteer in his former corps, the Cuirassiers, and joined the army in Bohemia."

MR. CHARLES H. WEBB'S *Fifth Lark* moves *The (London) Publishers' Circular* to counsel "the editor of *Fun* to look after Mr. Webb." Mr. Webb, we understand, has in hand a burlesque of *St. Elmo*, which strikes us as one of those works of wasteful and ridiculous excess to be classed with gilding refined gold, painting the lily, and the rest of the quotation. Apropos of Miss Evans, one of her admirers writes in this strain:

"Miss Evans is the glory of Alabama, and if that noble commonwealth had no higher claim to reconstruction, it would justly be considered something worthy of consideration to say it is the state, the home of Augusta Evans."

And a southern Methodist contemporary concludes a long leading article upon her book in manner following:

"We thank Miss Evans for her denunciation of duelling, and for her healthful deliverances on Christian morality—and for the matter of that, doctrine, too. There is a passage or two perhaps a little unguarded, in which a man dying in sin is sent to heaven—after the usual style of novelists—but the Nemesis of the story is decidedly Christian." (1)

MISS EMMA HARDINGE, the "meejum," is writing a *History of Spiritualism in America*.

MR. W. J. PAULDING is soon to publish a memoir of his father, James K. Paulding, the fellow-author with Irving of *Salmagundi*, and the writer of several novels, besides various poetical, political, and historical works.

MR. WILLIAM GILLMORE SIMMS, beside the serial he is contributing to a Democratic monthly, has completed a novel pleasingly entitled *The Ghost of my Husband*.

THAT Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford is engaged upon a novel of New England life, we have already announced. A daily paper describes its characters as "powerful," whence it may be inferred that as the introduction of Samson, Hercules, or Milo could hardly be managed without anachronism, Dr. Winship, or some of his followers, will figure in it.

MR. BAYARD TAYLOR, it is said, will employ himself, while abroad, upon a novel—his fourth, we believe—of Americans in Europe.

MRS. ELIZABETH STODDARD has a novel nearly completed.

MR. H. P. ARNOLD, a lawyer of Boston, is soon to publish a book of his travels in France, Switzerland, and Italy.

MR. MATTHEW F. WHITTIER, brother of John G., is said to have a humorous poem in preparation.

COL. A. J. H. DUGANNE is delivering a lecture upon the characters of Columbus, Washington, and Lincoln.

JUST as we have seen two of the links cut which bound us to the past, in the deaths of the last surviving actual soldier of the Revolution and the last man whose father was among the signers of the Declaration of Independence, we learn from England the death, at the age of nearly ninety-two, of Mr. Henry Crabbe Robinson, the friend and champion of Goethe and Schelling, and the associate of the coterie in which were Wordsworth and Southey, Coleridge and Charles Lamb, and their fellows. Mr. Robinson was also an intimate friend of Mr. Walters, and thereby became one of the staff of the earlier *Times*. By profession he was a lawyer—the one whose first brief brought from Lamb the ejaculation, "Thou great first cause, least understood"—but his means were such as to render him independent, and he preferred to surround himself with literary companions, for whom his friendships and his advocacy were so strong that, as *The Spectator* observes, he resented "a depreciation of Lamb as a symptom of moral disease, and ridicule of Wordsworth, even from a lady, as the fruit of natural depravity." Unfortunately, he wrote little of permanent value, though, as we learn from *The Athenæum*, he left a diary which must be rich in reminiscences of the great men in literature whom he knew so well. Of this, it is to be hoped, the public may have the benefit in some form or other.

AMONG new English books just or soon to be published are: *The Regency of Anne of Austria, Queen of France*, by Miss Freer; Vols. III., IV., of the *History of the Bourbons*, by Prof. Yonge; *Literature and its Professors*, by Thomas Parnell; *A Dictionary of Synonyms and Antonyms*, by Archdeacon Smith; *Madagascar Revisited*, by Rev. W. Ellis; *A Journey to Morocco in 1864*, by the late Thomas Hodgkin, M.D.; *A Trip to the Tropics*, by the Marquis of Lorne; *A Lady's Glimpse of the Late War in Bohemia*, by Lizzie Selina Eden; *Blind People: their Works and Ways*, by Rev. B. G. Johns; *Epiques of Insect Life*, edited by Rev. J. G. Wood; *The Wild Elephant*, by Sir James Emerson Tennent; *The Unity of the Anglican Church and the Succession of Irish Bishops*, by Archdeacon E. A. Stopford; *Reminiscences of a Highland Parish*, by Norman Macleod, D.D.; *Christ and Christendom*, by E. N. Plumptre, M.A.; *Out of Harness*, by Thomas Guthrie, D.D.; also novels by Mrs. William Murray, Lady Charles Thynne, Mrs. Sara Anna Marsh, George Manville Fenn, Hon. Lena Eden, Gustave Droz.

AN onslaught upon Rationalism, Ritualism, Sabba-

tarianism, and other extravagances has been anonymously published in Scotland under the title of *Diogenes among the D.Ds.*

New English publications are *The Methodist Quarterly*, and *The St. Stephen's*, a political magazine.

With the close of this year expire all German copyrights whose term has been extended by special privilege. Among the works which have hitherto been the property of the authors' families or of individuals, but which are now to become common property, are the writings of Schiller, Goethe, Wieland, Herder, Körner, Bürger, Jean Paul, and other German classics, of many of which series of cheap reprints are already announced in Berlin.

BARON TAUCHNITZ is about to issue, in the style of his well-known series of standard English works, English translations from the best German writers. These will doubtless be popular in this country and will have the advantage of the circulation in Great Britain, from which the English reprints are debarred by the copyright. The first of the new series will be Auerbach's novel *On the Heights*, one of the most popular works in recent German fiction.

THE Emperor of the French has presented to the Imperial Library the original MS. of Humboldt's *Cosmos*.

THE Paris correspondent of *The (Philadelphia) Publishers' Circular* narrates in mitigation of M. de Lamartine's doings that during his absence from home a number of letters for him accumulated which contained between \$8,000 and \$12,000, and which, through the carelessness of a servant, were burned.

MR. RICHARD MORRIS has prepared as a part of the *Aldine Series* a new edition of *Chaucer* which contains three new poems, *Elis Prima*, *Leauvante Richesse*, and *Prosperity*, of whose genuineness *The Athenæum* expresses a doubt, saying that at all events they "are clearly not in the condition in which they left Chaucer's pen."

A NEW edition of the *Essays of Elia* contains among matter now published for the first time Lamb's explanation of his pseudonym.

MR. TOM HOOD writes to *The Athenæum* to silence the doubts which have been expressed of the genuineness of *A Song for the Nineteenth*. His father did write these verses, he says, while travelling with the 19th Polish Infantry to Bromberg.

AMONG rare and sumptuous editions is a new *Hundred Guinea Edition* of the *Bible*, of which Mr. Mackenzie, of Glasgow, has printed but twelve copies. Its size is atlas folio, the type great primer, with two small central columns of references, and a thick red border surrounding the page. The paper, which is very heavy, has been made at large cost expressly for the work, which the twelve fortunate owners will doubtless value fully.

MR. C. W. WOOD, son of the Mrs. Henry Wood who has just had her personality invaded, after some experience in the business in London, Leipzig, and Paris, has established himself in London as a publisher, chiefly of fiction.

MR. JOHN TIMBS has just completed his fortieth annual volume of important facts in science and art, which impels *The Bookseller* to suggest the propriety of a government pension for one who has labored so indefatigably for popular enlightenment.

MR. THEODORE MARTIN, an intimate friend of Professor William Edmonston Aytoun, and joint author with him of the *Don Gaultier* ballade, is writing a biography of the professor, to be published during the summer.

MR. E. S. DALLAS, one of the critics of *The Times* and author of *The Gay Science*, has been recently married to Miss Isabella Glyn, the tragic actress, whose Lady Macbeth and Hermione were especially admirable.

SOME hitherto unpublished letters from Leigh Hunt to the son and grandson of Hazlitt have been printed in *Notes and Queries*.

M. HAVIN has opened a subscription for the erection in Paris of a statue to Voltaire; but it is thought that the Jesuits can, and will, exercise sufficient interest to frustrate the plan.

GUSTAVE FREYTAG—author, among much else, of *Debit and Credit*, which many admirers of German fiction pronounce the best novel ever written—is a candidate to represent Erfurt in the North German Parliament. Gottfried Kinkel and Professor Mommsen, the historian of Rome, are also Parliamentary candidates.

THE late Countess de Baigne wrote a novel entitled *Une Passion dans le Grand Monde*, said to narrate her own experience and to introduce among its characters the Duke de Bagusa (Marshal Marmont), Mmes. Récamier and De Staël. This she submitted to M. Sainte-Beuve, who dissuaded her from publication; but it has since her death been given to the public, to the great mortification of her family and the occasion of no small sensation in Paris society.

ARTEMUS WARD heads the published list of contributors to *The Family Friend*, among whom are Andrew Halliday, Walter Thornbury, Tom Hood, Arthur A. Beck- et, and other names well known here, while among the artists are the Dalziel Brothers.

MR. GEORGE WASHINGTON MOON'S *Elijah* is in its third edition, which has been so thoroughly revised that scarcely a dozen stanzas, it is said, remain unchanged.

MR. HENRY VIZETELLY is about to publish *The Story of The Diamond Necklace*, which is here, says his announcement, "told in detail for the first time, chiefly by the aid of original letters, official and other documents,

and contemporary memoirs recently made public; and comprising a sketch of the life of the Countess de La Motte, pretended confidante of Marie Antoinette, with particulars of the careers of the other actors in this remarkable drama."

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Announcements cannot be made unless received on or before the Saturday preceding the date of publication.

G. W. CARLETON & Co., New York:
 Mosby and his Men. By J. Marshall Crawford.
 History of the Last Confederate Cruiser, the Shenandoah. By Cornelius E. Hunt, one of her officers. Illustrated.
 More than a Match. By the Author of *Recommended to Mercy*, etc.
 Bent, not Broken. By Geo. Manville Fenn.
 Lives of the Queens of England. By Agnes Strickland. Abridged edition.
 JONAS E. FORBES & Co., Philadelphia:
 Historical and Secret Memoirs of the Empress Josephine. By Mlle. M. A. Le Normand. 2 vols.
 Memoirs of the Court of Marie Antoinette, Queen of France. By Madame Campan. 2 vols.
 Memoirs of Mary, Queen of Scots. By Miss Benger. 2 vols.
 Memoirs of Anne Boleyn. By Miss Benger.
 Memoirs of the Queens of France. By Mrs. Forbes Bush. 2 vols.
 Half Hours in Bible Lands; or, Stories and Sketches from the Scriptures and the East. By Rev. P. C. Hensley. 6 vols. With many illustrations.
 O. JENN & Co., New York:
 American Pomology. Part I.: Apples. By Dr. John Warner.
 Small Fruit Culturist. By Andrew S. Fuller.

THE ROUND TABLE.

CONTENTS OF No. 100,

SATURDAY, FEB. 23.

PATER PATRIÆ, THE PUBLIC FINANCES, CANTING CLERICS, MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE, LITERATURE IN BRITISH INDIA, BOOK-BORROWING, CRITICISMS BY G. WASHINGTON MOON, ALBION PAPERS.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:

CATULLUS AND WHITMAN, DESECRATION OF WORDS.

REVIEWS:

NEW AMERICA, THE CLAVERINGS, FORMS BY AMANDA T. JONES, MY HOLIDAY, METHOMANIA, MILLY.

LAW:

READE VS. THE ROUND TABLE.

LITERARIANA.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

JUST PUBLISHED:

I. **The Journal of Maurice de Guérin**, with an Essay by Matthew Arnold and a Memoir by Sainte-Beuve. Translated by E. Thornton Fisher, Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature in the Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute. 12mo, \$1 25.

"To all who love poetry Guérin deserves to be something more than a name. . . . He has, above all, a sense of what there is adorable and secret in the life of nature. . . . His magic of expression will make his name remembered in all literature."—*Matthew Arnold*.

II. **The Huguenot Calley-Slave**: Being the Autobiography of a French Protestant condemned to the Gallies for the sake of his Religion. Translated from the French of Jean Marteilhe. 12mo, \$1 50.

"Open the book where you will and it is almost impossible to lay it down again. 'It is,' says M. Michelet, 'a book of the first order, distinguished by the charming naïveté of its recital by its angelic sweetness, written as if between earth and heaven.' Records like these do honor to religion and to humanity."—*London Reader*.

"A more valuable contribution to the records of genuine martyrdom could hardly be found. The style of the narrative, in its graphic simplicity, reminds us of Defoe; but the well authenticated facts which it relates are more interesting than fiction, and the incidents not less strange. There is no polemical design nor any element of theological bitterness in this volume. To record the virtues of noble-hearted men, not to reopen wounds, nor to cast odium on creeds or churches, has been the motive of its publication."—*London Quarterly Review*.

III. **Humboldt's Letters to a Lady**. With an Introduction by Charles Godfrey Leland. A new edition. 16mo, \$1 50.

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IV. **King Rene's Daughter**. \$1 25.

V. **Poems by Robert K. Weeks**. \$1 25.

VI. **Faith Unwin's Orael**. By Georgiana M. Craik, author of *Lost and Won*. \$1 25.

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IV.—TO FURNISH CRITICISMS TO YOUNG OR INEXPERIENCED AUTHORS ON SUCH MANUSCRIPTS AS THEY MAY SUBMIT TO THE BUREAU, INDICATING DEFECTS, AND GIVING IMPROVING SUGGESTIONS FOR WRITING FOR REVIEWS OR MAGAZINES, OR PREPARING BOOKS.

V.—TO SUPPLY TRANSLATIONS OF BOOKS AND DOCUMENTS, AND TO WRITE LETTERS AND CIRCULARS IN VARIOUS LANGUAGES; COMPOSING THE SAME WHEN DESIRED.

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"We do not hesitate to commend the work as a monument of rare intellectual labor, patient and conscientious research, exemplary fairness of judgment, and acute philosophical discrimination. One of the most forcible chapters in the volume is devoted to the grounds of the belief in a future life. Among these Mr. Alger attaches peculiar importance to those furnished by philosophical reflection, and sustained by rational proofs. Our whole life, he argues, is a series of preparations for a higher life. All the spiritual powers which we develop constitute an athletic training for the future. The ideal treasures which we accumulate are preliminary attainments for the same end. Man alone foreknows his own death. This foreknowledge is given to prepare him for a succeeding existence. He has wondrous impulses toward futurity, which, like the instinctive flight of birds before their actual migration, betoken his destiny to another clime. The more one lives for immortality, the stronger proofs he finds of a deathless existence. In earnest communion with our own selves, we become conscious of our own eternity."—*N. Y. Tribune*.

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 OF THE
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 OFFICE 112 AND 114 BROADWAY.

JANUARY 1, 1867.

Amount of Assets, January 1, 1866, \$4,881,919 70
 Amount of premiums received during 1866, \$2,736,062 43
 Amount of interest received and accrued, including premiums on gold, etc., 352,742 04
 3,088,804 47
\$7,970,724 17

DISBURSEMENTS.

Paid losses by death, \$480,197 33
 Paid on account of Deposit for Minors, 71 44
 Paid for Redemption of Dividends, Annuities, and surrendered and cancelled Policies, 327,838 42
 Paid Salaries, Printing, and Office Expenses, 91,378 95
 Paid Commissions and Agency Expenses, 230,796 95
 Paid for Advertising and Medical Examinations, 88,616 62
 Paid Taxes, Internal Revenue Stamps, and Law Expenses, 24,007 71
 1,242,907 52
\$6,727,816 65

ASSETS.

Cash on hand, in Bank, and deposited in Union Trust Company, \$532,154 79
 Invested in United States Stocks, cost 2,399,591 24
 (Market value, \$2,523,753 25)
 Invested in New York City Bank Stocks, cost 52,561 50
 (Market value, \$57,518)
 Invested in New York State Stocks, cost, 791,436 54
 (Market value, \$825,890)
 Invested in other Stocks, cost, 21,637 50
 (Market value, \$30,000)
 Loans on demand, secured by U. S. and other Stocks, 344,600 00
 (Market value, \$381,526)
 Real Estate, 115,608 87
 (Market value, \$225,000)
 Bonds and Mortgages, 402,450 00
 Premium Notes on existing Policies, bearing interest, 1,384,821 40
 Quarterly and semi-annual Premiums due subsequent to Jan. 1, 1867, 396,438 89
 Accrued interest (not due) to Jan. 1, 1867, 64,246 23
 Accrued Rents (not due) to Jan. 1, 1867, 2,474 32
 Premiums on Policies in hands of Agents and in course of transmission, 289,745 35
\$6,727,816 65

The Trustees have declared a return Premium as follows: A SCRIP DIVIDEND OF FIFTY PER CENT. upon all participating premiums on existing policies which were issued twelve months prior to January 1, 1867, and the redemption of the Dividends declared in 1865.

Certificates will be redeemed in cash on and after the first Monday in March next, on presentation at the Home Office. Policies subject to Notes will be credited with the Redemption on the settlement of next premium.

By order of the Board,

WILLIAM H. BEERS, Actuary.

During the year 7,296 new Policies were issued, ensuring \$23,734,306.

BALANCE SHEET OF THE COMPANY, JAN. 1, 1867.
 Assets as above at cost, \$6,727,816 65
 (Market value \$7,069,092 25).
 Reserved for losses due subsequent to January 1, 1867, 61,291 45
 Reserved for Reported losses, awaiting proofs, etc., 40,000 00
 Reserved for Special Deposit for minor children, 214 32
 Amount reserved for reinsurance on all existing policies (valuations at 4 per cent. interest, net premium), 4,979,867 99
 Return Premium, declared prior to 1867, payable on demand, 93,394 96
 Return Premium, 1865 (now to be paid), 331,643 56
 Return Premium, 1866 (present value), 429 817 86
 Return Premium, 18-7 (present value), 597,392 00
 Special Reserve (not divided), 191,194 51
\$6,727,816 65

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